

LOAN DESK.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3976. Vol. 153
FOUNDED 1855

9 January 1932

JAN 25 1932

Price Threepence
[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER]

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The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Films, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the best of the week.—ED.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

- HAYMARKET.** *Can the Leopard . . . ?* by Ronald Jeans. (Whitehall 9832.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Gertrude Lawrence and Ian Hunter in a very witty and well-acted comedy.
- LITTLE.** *Fear*, by the Earl of Lathom. (Temple Bar 6501.) 8.40. Tues. and Sat., 2.40. Dennis Neilson-Terry and Mary Glynne in a brilliant study of cowardice and terror.
- STRAND.** *It's a Girl*, by Austin Melford. (Temple Bar 2660.) 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard in a farce similar to "It's a Boy."
- NEW.** *The Crimes of Burke and Hare*. (Temple Bar 3878.) Evenings only, at 8.15. Reviewed this week.
- WESTMINSTER.** *The Anatomist*, by James Bridie. (Victoria 0283.) 8.30. Sat. 2.30. Henry Ainley in a more sophisticated version of the crimes of Burke, Hare and Dr. Knox.
- APOLLO.** *There's Always Juliet*, by John Van Druten. (Gerrard 6970.) 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. An amusing and beautifully written love-duet, exquisitely played by Edna Best and Herbert Marshall.

BROADCASTING

WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

NATIONAL:

- Monday, January 11, 7.30 p.m.** "Combines and Trusts" is the title of the second of Professor Henry Clay's series of talks called "How has Private Enterprise Adapted itself?"
- 9.20 p.m.** Mr. S. P. B. Mais will give the second of his talks on "Unknown Island."
- Tuesday, January 12, 8.30 p.m.** Sir Barry Jackson will give his second talk on "The Drama."
- Wednesday, January 13, 7.30 p.m.** The second of the series of talks on "Science and Civilisation" will be contributed by Mr. Aldous Huxley.
- 8.15 p.m.** The tenth of the B.B.C. Symphony Concerts (relayed from the Queen's Hall) will be conducted by Adrian Boult.
- Thursday, January 14, 9.20 p.m.** Mr. Vernon Bartlett will give his weekly review of international affairs called "The Way of the World."
- Friday, January 15, 7.30 p.m.** Dr. C. Delisle Burns will give the second talk of his series on "Modern Life and Modern Leisure," under the title of "What Difference have Motors Made?"
- Saturday, January 16, 7.5 p.m.** Mr. Gerald Heard will continue his series of talks on "This Surprising World."
- 9.20 p.m.** "On the 9.20." The second of a series of informal "Conversations in the Train."

LONDON, MIDLAND AND NORTH REGIONALS:

- Sunday, January 10, 5.0 p.m.** Professor John Macmurray will contribute the thirteenth talk in the series called "The Modern Dilemma."
- Wednesday, January 13, 9.0 p.m.** Michael Mulliner will give a Pianoforte Recital of works by Contemporary British Composers.

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS

- THE TIVOLI.** *Congress Dances*. This light comedy with music continues. Conrad Veidt, Henry Garat and Lilian Harvey.
- THE CAPITOL.** *Sunshine Susie*. A similar entertainment to *Congress Dances*; not so good, but good. Jack Hulbert and Renate Muller.
- THE NEW GALLERY.** *Mischief*. Criticized in this issue.
- THE ACADEMY.** *The General Line*. Revival of Eisenstein's great picture.
- THE CARLTON.** *Five Star Final*. Criticized in this issue.
- THE RIALTO.** *Her Highness Commands*. Lilian Harvey in a light French comedy.
- THE DOMINION.** *Palmy Days*. Criticized in this issue.

GENERAL RELEASES

- Transatlantic*. One of the best pictures of last year.
- Rango*. An excellent animal film directed by Mr. Schoedsack.
- A Free Soul*. An unpleasant story, but it is very well acted by Lionel Barrymore and Norma Shearer.

BOOKS TO READ

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

- Modern South America*. By C. W. Domville Fife. Seeley Service. 21s.
- At the Western Gate of Italy*. By Edward and Margaret Berry. The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.
- Limits of Purpose and Other Essays*. By Professor J. L. Stocks. Benn. 12s. 6d.
- Nineteenth Century Painting*. By John Rothenstein. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.
- The Triumph of the Dalton Plan*. By C. W. Kimmins and Belle Rennie. Ivor, Nicholson & Watson. 6s.
- An Outline of French Painting*. By R. H. Wilenski. Faber and Faber. 2s.
- Cornwallis in Bengal*. By A. Aspinall. Manchester University Press. 15s. 6d.
- Life of Ibsen*. By H. Koht. Allen and Unwin. 30s.

NOVELS

- The Fifth Commandment*. By H. A. Vachell. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
- The Brothers*. By L. A. G. Strong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
- Magnolia Street*. By Louis Golding. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
- Satan's Circus and other stories*. By Lady Eleanor Smith. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE year has started reasonably well. If there has been no evidence of returning prosperity, there is also none of increased distress. The economic tide may not have turned, and may show no present sign of turning. But the disastrous ebb of prices and employment seems perceptibly to have slackened, and there seems some rational ground for the hope that 1932 may show a better record than its unlamented predecessor.

Tails Up.

In one respect at least there is a definite improvement. The Government has asserted itself in India, and this, following its recent action in Cyprus, shows that the British Empire is no longer drifting helplessly down the stream, like a dog with a broken back. A new spirit of decision and action is abroad that bodes well for the future.

In this connection, the criticisms that have been levelled against the Church of England for its intercession services last Sunday have a very relevant significance. The ecclesiastical authorities published certain new prayers for general congregational use, and those prayers have in effect been overwhelmed by a storm of reprobation.

The nation was not particularly perturbed by the fact that the authorised new prayers ranked lower as literature than some of the nobler collects of past centuries; this kind of inspiration does not always come to order, and the language of the new prayers, if undistinguished, was at least clear and intelligible. No; the trouble lay with the matter, not the manner, of the petitions.

But it was the very height of absurdity, if not of hypocrisy, to apologise to heaven for our arrogance and tyranny over other races. God knows—and these prayers were, after all, addressed to the Almighty—that that may have been true in 1588, or 1763, or 1815, or 1897. But it has certainly not been true at any time since 1918, and to suggest that this nation threw its weight about in 1931 is patently not the truth.

National Pessimism

The trouble with Britain since the war has been that its tail has been down, not up. The country has not only lost its trade, but seems to have lost its spirit. It has gone about the world apologising for its blunders, its slackness, and its very existence—and out of this poor anæmic Britannia the Church has constructed a monster of arrogance and pride that passes belief.

One might as well pretend that patient Griselda was the Wolf in Red Riding-Hood. When England gets going again she may have cause enough and to spare to use these particular petitions. As things are, they might be licensed for export use; they are certainly not suitable for home consumption.

In actual achievement the record of the nation has not been too bad, apart from trade. It is true, of course, that we have lost a great many test matches in cricket, tennis, golf and football—we may, for all I know, have kept the ping-pong championship—but this is largely due to the fact that our amateurs have been less highly trained specialists than some of the Dominion or foreign enthusiasts who have visited our shores.

However that may be—and it would be absurd to pretend that these things are all-important in the national life or in international competition—we have kept the lead in most of the mechanical speed records, from the Schneider Trophy downwards. These things, again, are not all-important, but at least they show that we can still excel in fields that matter; and I would like to add, too, that these records themselves could not have been made had our engineers and applied scientists been altogether contemptible.

New Policies.

One sign of a changed national spirit is a definite return to political thinking since the crisis of last summer and autumn. As a Conservative review, we shall criticise these proposals—whether constructive or destructive—as and when they require comment; but for the moment at least, we think it best to allow the various schools and parties (to say nothing of splinter parties) to expound their views themselves.

This week, for example, Mr. Harold Nicolson states with clarity and conviction the doctrines of the New Moseley Party. Next week, a Communist will have his say; a fortnight hence, a distinguished member of the Labour Party will set out what he conceives to be their future policy, and subsequently we shall hope to publish a Liberal statement of the true Liberal faith (or, as the case may be, faiths) for the instruction and, we hope, the benefit of our readers.

We shall not ask our readers to agree with all, or with any of these various authorities. But one of the weak joints in the Conservative armour in the past has been a certain failure to appreciate what its opponents were thinking and planning; and though there is not any danger at the moment of a swing of the pendulum, it has always to be remembered that it is when the opposition is in the trough of the wave that it begins to formulate its ideas for the next Government.

The Impotent League.

The League of Nations has at last secured the evacuation of Manchuria—by the Chinese. Not being a League enthusiast myself, I am delighted at what has happened, for I believe it to be better for the world at large that Manchuria should be properly administered and developed by Japan rather than misgoverned by China. It cannot be too often stated that at the present time Japan alone represents law and order in the Far East.

The reason why the League has received such a slap in the face is that it has openly abandoned justice as its object. It made no effort to decide upon the rights and wrongs of the Manchurian dispute, but solely concerned itself with an attempt to preserve the peace at all costs. As for the League of Nations Union in this country, it merely made a fool of itself, not for the first time it may be added, in trying to justify all the shufflings of the League.

Peace is without doubt a very desirable thing, but peace at the price of injustice is not worth having, and the League of Nations was founded to enforce justice, not to maintain peace as an end in itself. The truth, of course, is that Geneva is overrun with cranks, and the League of Nations Union even more so, and if they are allowed to control the League much longer they will bring about its collapse. In any event, the last twelve months have witnessed a steady weakening both of its authority and its prestige.

Manchuria.

Japan is now mistress of South Manchuria, and the League of Nations Commission, when it reaches the Far East two months hence, will have little to do but register the fact and come home. For every successive stage Japan has had the same justification, her responsibility to save Manchuria from swarms of bandits, let loose, as she avers, by the ex-Manchurian Governor. The position is a striking result of the combined folly of the Kuomintang and Western diplomacy which for several years has been encouraging the Nationalists to believe that disregard of treaties could be committed with impunity.

The completion of the Japanese occupation coincides with the most interesting experiment in the way of a Government that China has seen since she committed herself to Republicanism. It embraces backwoodsmen, polished scholars, a banker nominated by fellow-bankers, ultra-radicals like "Stormy Petrel" Wang, who fights with everyone, and Eugene Chen, ex-associate of Moscow's agent Borodin; representatives of every faction, north and south. It is obviously a copy of our National Government, the example of which was forcibly impressed on the politicians by the Shanghai bankers. But such a mixture can never work. No pretence can hide the fact that it is founded on the triumph of the least responsible elements in the country.

Meanwhile the students, quite uncontrolled, shout for drastic measures against Japan; which foreshadows a fresh rupture in the administration, and more student riots. The saving factor is that Japan, even with Manchuria to compensate, cannot afford to lose the trade of China Proper, where the boycott has already cost her several millions. But withdrawal on either side is now most difficult, and China still clings to the hope of support by Western Powers—hence her postponement of the threatened abolition of extraterritoriality on New Year's Day.

Disarmament.

It seems clear that the Admiralty is going to plead at the Disarmament Conference for smaller ships and the abolition of submarines, both objects very desirable in themselves, though not so easy of attainment in the face of the opposition of France and the United States. We shall probably be able to count on the support of Italy and Japan, but the smaller Powers are not likely to favour the abolition of the submarine, which is their chief weapon of defence.

So far as the limit of size is concerned, some agreement may be possible if too much is not heard of categories, for in that case such questions as when is a destroyer-killer a light cruiser, will inevitably be raised, and with probably fatal consequences. In the matter of naval armaments, the less insistence on detail the greater will be the chances of success, though the upshot will probably be the usual one of a unanimous agreement to abolish what is already obsolete anyhow.

An Absurd Artistic Ban.

I am all for tariffs and against dumping and alien immigration, but it does strike me as more than a little ridiculous to apply these principles, admirable as they are in their own sphere, to the world of entertainment. Yet only this week we have had another instance of a foreign singer of distinction being refused permission to appear in this country, by order of the Home Office—which, with all respect to Sir Herbert Samuel, is perhaps not the last word in æsthetic judgment.

Art and music are, I take it, international both in production and appeal, and any attempt to restrict the appearance of foreign artists in this or any other country must in the long run harm that country, and make it a laughing-stock to the outside world. Surely we are not to take it as a national principle that the paintings of several dead Frenchmen can be hung on the walls of Burlington House, but the fiddle of a living Frenchwoman would corrupt our ether if broadcast from Portman Square?

The late Labour Government.

Lord Passfield's account of the fall of the Labour Government in the *Political Quarterly* appears to be in serious conflict with the version commonly accepted both by the Labour men who stayed in and the Labour men who walked out of the Cabinet. On the one hand, it has been assumed that they ran away; on the other, it is now asserted that they were left high and dry by Mr. MacDonald's resignation—which, it is alleged, was only momentary, since he immediately resumed office as Prime Minister in a new National Government, with Mr. Baldwin and Sir Herbert Samuel in the place of Messrs. Henderson and Clynes.

The point at issue is sufficiently important to require elucidation, if only in the interest of historical accuracy. Lord Passfield is often wrong in his conclusions, but he is usually accurate in his facts, and the main weakness in his story is that it is a running narrative, but without dates. I suggest that he expands it into a documented pamphlet dealing with the now famous crisis in detail. Something of the kind that Lord Beaverbrook did in recording the crisis of December, 1916 would meet the case.

Payment in Kind.

It is odd to see some of the American papers suggesting that we should give up the West Indies by way of a set-off against the payment of war debt. Had we suggested that some of the States of the Union should be assigned to us in return for the unpaid interest on the old loans raised in this country in the nineteenth century, we should probably have heard something to our advantage. Luckily, as Mr. Amery once remarked on a similar occasion a few years ago, "the British Empire is not for sale," to America or any other country.

Another Fleet Street Scramble.

The mysteries of modern daily newspaper finance are admittedly beyond me, but the orgy of extravagance with which the New Year has started in Fleet Street leaves me cold. When one paper offers free season tickets, another offers free tickets at a show, and a third and fourth proclaim their urgent desire to insure your family from death and disaster—though not, I think, damnation (as yet) it looks as though the business of providing news had shrunk to a very small part of a newspaper's activities.

If this sort of thing goes on, a newspaper will soon provide you with a house ("a year's subscription down secures a collapsible villa in cosy Cricklewood"), and furniture on the hire-purchase system ("don't bother to read our articles, they are soft enough to sit on"), and probably with a wife as well ("see Magazine Page for details of dowries free to all registered readers"). Frenzied finance of this kind must ultimately defeat its own ends, but perhaps even the newspaper proprietors will recover their sanity—if not their dignity—before it is too late.

TARIFFS NEXT

THE holidays are over, the ordinary man is back at work again, and he expects the Government to be back at work too. Thanks more to the House of Commons than to the Ministry the weeks before the Recess were not entirely barren, but there can be no disguising the fact that the country expects a great deal more from the Government between now and Easter than it got between the General Election and Christmas. In short, if a complete tariff has not been at least introduced by the end of March then the days of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's third administration will be numbered.

Ministers have a month yet in which to formulate their plans before Parliament meets and they become immersed in the daily business of the House of Commons. In view of the fact that the Conservative Central Office has been working for years upon the elaboration of a scientific tariff, under the supervision of the late Professor Hewins, the necessary details should at once be available, so that long before that month has elapsed the proposals to be laid before Parliament should be in their final shape. If it be found more advisable to incorporate them in the Budget, then let the reasons be given, but, in any event, legislation must at once be promoted to protect the great industries of agriculture and of iron and steel. Their case brooks no delay, as is recognized by the vast majority of the House of Commons.

What does not admit of doubt is that the nation is in deadly earnest in this matter of tariffs, and it expects

the Government to go full steam ahead. Whether the Ministry realises the fact is another matter, but we can assure its members that if they disappoint the expectations of the electorate upon this point their places, both on the Treasury Bench and in the House of Commons itself, will soon know them no more. If there are in the Cabinet, as it is freely rumoured that there are, Ministers who aspire to act as the brake upon the Protectionist coach, then their colleagues, for their own sakes, would do well to get rid of them while there is yet time. Mr. Baldwin, in urging the electors of Darwen to vote against Captain Alan Graham, took Sir Herbert Samuel's conscience into his own keeping, and he will be held responsible if the Home Secretary succeeds in watering the tariff wine.

The behaviour of the Government before Christmas left a good deal to be desired, and the King's Speech gave the uneasy impression that it had met Parliament without any definite policy at all. Subsequent events to some extent rehabilitated it in the public esteem, but there is still an uneasy feeling abroad that the Ministry is rather a coalition of three Old Gangs than a National Government in the true sense of the term. This suspicion, which is remarkably prevalent, can only be dispelled by evidence of a determination to place a scientific tariff upon the statute-book at the earliest possible moment, and until this has been done the Government cannot claim to have begun to carry out the mandate entrusted to it at the General Election.

THE END OF IRWINISM

THE announcement that Gandhi had been arrested was the best news for many a long day, and now that he is in prison it is to be hoped that he will be kept there. From the point of view of equity, he should have been arrested nearly two years ago, when he deliberately broke the law, and was allowed to remain at large while his obscure followers were immured. But now that Lord Willingdon has done something to rectify the mistakes of Lord Irwin, there is at last some hope that the British Government in India may resume its forgotten function of governing.

There can be no doubt that the vast majority of the British public is sick to death of Gandhi and his shufflings. As a nation, we can respect an honourable foe, as the reception given to the Boer generals at the close of the South African War clearly proved; but Gandhi is not, and never has been, an honourable foe. On no single occasion has he either said exactly what he meant, or meant exactly what he said, and he has gained a reputation for duplicity which has only been enhanced by his recent denial of the obviously authentic interview with him which was published in the *Giornale d'Italia*.

We trust that the arrest of this self-styled patriot marks the end of Irwinism, a policy which may be defined as the punishment of the rebel rank-and-file while the leaders are allowed to go scot free. Earl Canning, to whom fell the task of pacifying India after the Mutiny, pursued precisely the opposite course, and with the most satisfactory results. Lord Willingdon appears to have decided to follow the precedent set by that greatest of Viceroyes, rather than the lamentable example of his immediate predecessor, and if he is not hampered by the sentimentality of the Prime Minister, or by the notorious partiality of Mr. Baldwin for Lord Irwin, we believe that the policy that brought peace to India in the days of Canning will bring peace to it again.

It is, of course, quite clear that having promised to give India a measure of self-government, Great Britain must keep her word, but she is entitled to say to India that the latter must formulate a definite set of pro-

posals. In some quarters an attempt has been made to compare the problem of India with the Irish question as we used to know it, but in reality the two are poles asunder, for whereas Mr. Parnell and Mr. Redmond knew exactly what they wanted, the so-called Indian leaders, who do not actually lead at all, are hardly united upon a single point: the Hindus want one thing, the Mohammedans another, the Princes a third, while the mass of the population has no other desire than to be left alone to enjoy the advantages of the best régime it has ever known.

What, then, is the policy that should now be pursued in India? In the first place let the Government announce that it has no intention of going back on its word in the matter of self-government, but that it is for the Indians themselves to put forward concrete proposals which have the support of the majority of their fellow-countrymen, for consideration, and that when this has been done every effort will be made to meet Indian aspirations, so long as these are not actually destructive of the spiritual and material prosperity of the country. In the meantime, it should further be announced that the existing system of administration will continue in force, while order will be rigorously maintained, if necessary, by martial law.

In this way the onus of responsibility would be thrown upon the Indians themselves, and Great Britain would be saved an infinite amount of trouble at a time when she has more important problems to solve than constitution-making in the Orient. For ourselves, we are by no means sure that a clear intimation that all violent crimes in India would be punished with the full rigour of the Penal Code would not in itself go a long way to restore order, for criminals are invariably cowards, and the association between crime and nationalism in India is remarkably close. In any event firmness must clearly be the order of the day, even if the British taxpayer has to defray the cost of Gandhi's goat's milk for an indefinite period while that holy man is an inmate of one of His Majesty's prisons.

TRADE UNION LAW REFORM—I.

By the HON. QUINTIN HOGG.

THERE are some to whom Trade Unionists are dangerous revolutionaries and untouchable. This article is not intended for them.

There are others to whom Trade Unions are sacred and to lay hands on them sacrilege; untouchability in another sense. This article is not intended for them either.

Others, to whom Trade Unionism is a legitimate activity with many vices and many virtues may find here food for thought. For, while it is generally appreciated by Conservatives that the Trade Unions have certain legal privileges difficult to justify which render them in a sense above the law, and which require instant reform, it is less widely known that they and their members suffer also from disadvantages which considerably curtail their legitimate activities.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the Trade Disputes and Trade Union Act 1927 is not and was never intended to be a final settlement of Trade Union Law. The implacable hostility of Trade Unions to Conservatives rendered that impossible at the time.

The act of 1927 dealt with four particular abuses. It dealt with the questions of the general political strike, with the contracting out system of the political levy and with the affiliation of the Civil Service Unions to a political party. It also tightened the law of intimidation:—but as we shall see it completely failed to remove the legal rule which is largely responsible for the adoption by Trade Unionism of Intimidation as a usual method of enforcing Trade Union rules.

Let us examine some of the anomalies to which the legislature and the common law have given rise. In the first place it is clearly a scandalous thing from the point of view of the public that if John Smith is run over by a van belonging to a company he may be able to recover compensation from the company, while if he is run over by a van belonging to a Trade Union no action will lie against the Union, even though the Union may be much richer and more easily able to pay compensation than the company. For, by the Trade Disputes Act 1906 s. 4 (1) "An action against a Trade Union . . . in respect of . . . any tortious act alleged to have been committed by or on behalf of the Union . . . shall not be entertained by any court."

Secondly some people may have asked themselves why it is that British Trade Unionists, normally a peace loving and civilised class of men, have deliberately resorted to intimidation as a means of enforcing their rules.

Previous to 1871 the courts and the legislature had both been disposed to regard Trade Unions as illegal conspiracies and their rules and agreements as in restraint of trade and therefore against public policy.

By the Trade Union Act 1871 it was recognised that Trade Unions were a legitimate form of activity. "The purposes of any Trade Union shall not by reason merely that they are in restraint of trade be deemed to be unlawful so as to render any member of such Trade Union liable to criminal prosecution . . ." (s. 2) or (s. 3) "to render void or voidable any agreement or trust."

But then comes a most amazing qualification of this doctrine. S. 4 of the Act provides "Nothing in this Act shall enable any Court to entertain any legal proceeding instituted with the object of directly enforcing or recovering damages for the breach of any of the following agreements:—

1. Any agreement between the members of a T.U. as such concerning the conditions on which . . . members shall, or shall not sell their goods, transact business, employ or be employed.
2. Any agreement for the payment of any person of any subscription or penalty to a Trade Union.
3. Any agreement for the application of the funds of a Trade Union.
 - a. To provide benefits to members. (There follow two other heads) then
4. Any agreement made between one Trade Union and another.
5. Any bond to secure the performance of the above agreements.

In other words societies whose rules and purposes in general are recognised expressly by the legislature as reasonable are expressly denied the protection of the King's Courts. What clearer incitement could there be to the adoption of extra-legal means of enforcement and of intimidation?

To show the length to which the statute goes it is only necessary to refer to the case of *Sayer v. The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners* (19 Times Law Reports) where a properly enrolled and subscribing member of a Union was unable to recover accident benefit for total incapacitation, although the rules of the Society entitled him to it. When we reflect also that sickness, unemployment and accident benefits of all members can be endangered by the expenses of a strike we can see that the state of Trade Union Law clearly calls for thorough reform.

Such reform is desirable in the interests of the public whose members may be injured by the officials or servants of the Unions without hope of redress. It is desirable in the interests of the Unions who are able to enforce their rules at law, and from the men who suffer from organised intimidation and have no remedy to enforce their rights to benefits.

But more than all these it is also necessary in the interests of individual traders who may be ruined by irresponsible and malicious Trade Union persecution. Such persecution if done by any other body of men than a union would certainly be actionable, and possibly even a criminal Conspiracy.

Lord Halsbury speaking of the facts in a case of such persecution said: "If upon these facts the plaintiff could have no remedy against those who thus injured him it could hardly be said that our jurisprudence was that of a civilised community." (1901 Appeal Cases p. 506). By the Trade Disputes Act 1906 ss. 1 and 4 there is now no remedy. (See Salmond's Torts 8th edition p. 608).

Upon what lines should reform take place? Undoubtedly the various abuses to which reference has been made should be remedied. But mere piecemeal reform will not be satisfactory. It is necessary to adopt some comprehensive plan starting from a proper conception of the functions of a Trade Union. Such a plan must take in its stride the obvious abuses to which we have referred together with the many others with which lawyers are familiar. But it must do more than this. Its aim must be to set the Law of Trade Unions upon as firm and rational a footing as the law of Companies.

(The concluding article will appear next week.—ED.)

CAN THE NEW PARTY SURVIVE?

By HAROLD NICOLSON.

THE British mind is static rather than dynamic; we share with our French neighbours the habit of regarding events in terms not of the future but of the past: we have none of that sense of an imminent futurity which is possessed by the Germans, the Americans, the Russians and the Italians. We are essentially, I delight to think, a territorial stock, and, as such, are hard to move.

The mass electorate of these islands is governed in most cases by acquired habits of thought, and these habits can be shaken only by hard emotion. The tremor of such an emotion passed over the country last October. The seismographs registered a profound disturbance: the tremor passed onwards: the cracks were rapidly filled: and again Great Britain settled into its groove of habitation.

Far be it from me to contend that this static quality in our national character is a bad quality. On the contrary, I consider it to be the most stabilising element in our modern politics. Dynamics on a hard scale are dangerous: an element of group stolidity is essential to wise governance. Yet the national dislike of the new, the national preference for the familiar and the recognizable, may lead us, in times of crisis, to miss the opportunities which might otherwise be seized. I feel that our rejection of the unfamiliar is frequently too general, and often too unintelligent.

A passionate public is obviously a menace: yet there comes a point when national dispassion amounts to apathy. And it is this point which we in Great Britain would seem to have reached.

The word "apathy" is, perhaps, insufficient to describe our present lethargic despair. It is not that we do not care: it is what we do not care to think: we prefer a numb pessimism to an active energy of soul. Is it possible for any group of men and women in this country to arouse the doped anxieties of our fellow men? I do not think that this is possible (so long as no acute crisis arises) in terms of politics.

The average elector conceives of politics in the shape of a series of labels or pigeonholes. He likes his easy categories—his "Free Trade" or "Protection," his "Rich" or "Poor." He resents any fiddling with the partitions which differentiate these pigeonholes, he resents any but the simplest slogans upon his labels. He accuses the New Party of being without a policy. Meaning thereby that the New Party announces no policy which can fit absolutely into any of the accustomed frames.

Our policy, in all conscience, is definite enough. It was devised some ten months ago with a view to averting a crisis which has since arrived. Some of its provisions will have to be vastly amplified to meet a new situation. Many of its provisions have already been adopted by the National Government. Yet let me summarize that policy once again.

We are opposed to any reductions in dole or wages, regarding such reduction as an assault upon our own home market. We are opposed to any extreme or doctrinaire adherence to "Protection" or "Free Trade," believing that the tariff weapon should be used empirically but scientifically. We believe that by a system of bulk purchase, prices can be stabilised, and we believe that the moral, and to some extent the social, disadvantages of unemployment can be diminished by vast public utility schemes such as slum clearance and agricultural reconstruction.

The above are what might be called the incidents of our policy. Our directive principles are more revolutionary. We believe in the first place in the reform of Parliament. We consider that the House of Commons should remain the guardian of the National Liberties; we feel on the

other hand that the economic reconstruction of this country should be entrusted to an Executive guided by a supreme National Council of experts. We believe that the Executive, in its turn, should be reduced to the proportions of a small "War Cabinet" intent only upon fighting the economic maladies of the country.

We believe also that the intelligence and energies of our vast professional classes should be mobilised for the general service. We believe that an offensive should be launched upon the educational and scientific fronts and that the vast wastage of talent and energy which is so distressing a feature of our present system should be attacked with determination and unhampered vigour.

Such, in their bare outlines, are the purposes which we pursue. Our politics, however, are far less important than our ideology. We wish to introduce into Great Britain a new conception of what is meant by "The State." We wish to inspire people with a new patriotism, based upon self-sacrifice rather than upon nationalism, based upon duties rather than upon rights, based upon a corporate sense of identity rather than upon class consciousness.

The old territorial patriotism is dead: the old imperialist patriotism is dying: we wish to substitute for these a sense of race, a sense of community, a sense of sacrifice, service and unselfishness. We believe that without some ethical inspiration the British people will not possess sufficient solidarity to cope with their present problems fundamentally and drastically. We are convinced that if we fail to awaken this combined enthusiasm this country will slip slowly towards Communism. A drab middle-class Communism, monotonous and uninspired.

Shall we succeed in this endeavour? I believe that in five years from now we shall succeed.

A SATURDAY DICTIONARY

THE INTERNATIONAL

THE idea of a Socialist International movement derives from Karl Marx and Engels, who founded the International Working Men's Association in 1864. It was unfortunate in the moment of its birth, for the tide of public opinion was beginning to turn from philosophic Radicalism towards Nationalism, Imperialism, and the authoritarian state in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The first International was therefore unsuccessful, and its last meeting was held in 1876.

The second Socialist International dates from 1889, and for several years its Conferences and Congresses discussed the tactics and methods of the national Socialist parties affiliated to it. It was more successful, or at least it lasted longer than its predecessor, but the European War of 1914 interrupted the sequence of international meetings, and by the time the Second International resumed in 1919 the rival Third International was in the field.

The Third International (directed from Moscow) is frankly revolutionary. It can tolerate no compromise in Socialist principle, as its predecessor had done; it is Communist in doctrine, not Socialist, and it will only "support Socialist parties as far as the hangman's rope supports the convict." It is difficult, on account of conflicting and *ex parte* evidence, to estimate its real influence; but it is certainly more effective than the First International, and it at least appears to be more important—if only on account of unity of direction—than the Second.

AMERICA AND THE WORLD CRISIS—I.

By LUIGI VILLARI.

AMERICANS are apt to tell foreigners who have not visited the United States for many years that they will find the country vastly changed, and in this they are right. When I returned to America last summer, after an absence of over twenty years, I could not help being struck by certain external changes, such as the increase in size and numbers of the New York sky-scrapers and the interminable lines of motor cars. But these are changes of quantity rather than of substance, for once you admit the principle of sky-scrapers and of innumerable cars, multiplication does not imply a substantial modification of character or mind.

Far more significant is the altered outlook of the American people towards their own situation and problems and their place in the world, and this change is of very recent origin; it is, indeed, the direct consequence of the world economic depression, which fell on the United States like a thunderbolt in the autumn of 1929, and is still going strong. Nothing impressed the foreign visitor to the United States in the past more than the unbounded optimism with which the Americans regarded their own country and its future. In Bryce's "American Commonwealth" there is a quaint and naïve quotation from a paper published at New Tacoma, expressing with frankness and conviction the conception of greatness and happiness which was uppermost in the Far West, and might be regarded as characteristic of the American outlook in general at that time. That the vast natural resources and the energy and vigour of its people were destined to make of the United States the greatest, richest and most powerful nation in the world was regarded as axiomatic. Politics might be unsatisfactory and politicians corrupt, but that did not affect the main issues, as politics and politicians constituted only a minor aspect of American life. The absence or comparative unimportance of tradition was regarded as an asset, as it prevented the maintenance of old grudges and quarrels and gave the American people a clean slate for their national life, without rankling memories of old wrongs or unfulfilled aspirations.

But in the summer of 1931 I found a very different spirit in the air. Nearly all the Americans I met seemed to be in the depths of gloom over the economic depression, their old buoyancy gone. At the Institute of Politics in Williamstown, where I was lecturing, most of the university professors, teachers, business men, journalists, professional men gathered there, including some of the most interesting minds from all parts of the country, took the darkest view of the situation both for America and the rest of the world. Accustomed as the Americans were to high wages and princely salaries, large incomes from investments, abundant employment and a generally large-handed existence, they find it difficult to adapt themselves to the notion of reducing their standard of life and doing without many luxuries which had become necessities. To us Europeans, who are accustomed to periodical hard times and to tightening of belts, there did not seem quite sufficient ground for this black pessimism in a country with the actual and potential wealth of the United States. But perhaps the absence of tradition and background, which had formerly seemed so valuable an asset, also has its drawbacks from the psychological point of view and from that of moral staying power.

The unemployment problem is, of course, the most serious symptom of the depression. Its actual extent is

not accurately known, as the statistics are incomplete, but it is estimated at about eight to ten millions, which is a higher figure than the totals for the chief European countries combined. Whereas in Europe, where the population is more settled, the unemployed, even when there is no dole, receive assistance from relations, in the United States, where the family ties are somewhat weaker, and where there are large numbers of unattached workers, many having their families abroad, the situation is more difficult to handle. Many measures have been proposed to deal with it. In some Radical circles the dole has been advocated, but British experience hardly offers an inducement to follow that example. Professor Donham, of the Harvard Business School, in his "Business Adrift," maintains that the only cure for unemployment is work, and proposes that in times of depression the Government should undertake public works on a large scale. Others, again, suggest a five-day week or the reduction of wages, which is indeed materializing inevitably. But there is no clearly defined policy, and public opinion and the experts seem to be groping in the dark for a way out. There is, of course, a great deal of charitable activity on the usual generous American scale.

The depression was the common topic of conversation—it has almost wholly displaced prohibition—and even forms the subject of jokes in the press and on the stage. A humorous writer in the *New York Evening Post* stated that no one was buying, not even those who did not intend to pay, and a story was current that a man had been nearly lynched in Wall Street for daring to say that his business was doing well, until he explained that he was a dealer in red ink (with which losses are written off in ledgers).

In many ways the outlook on life of the average American has been changed by the crisis. Corrupt politics are no longer treated as a joke or as a matter of small importance, and a satisfactory consequence is that men of the best type are tending more and more to go into political life as a civic duty, although this is, of course, not the result of the present depression alone, as other causes have contributed to it, notably the reaction against Prohibition, with its sequel of increased crime and disregard for the law. Nor is there the same implicit belief in the American capitalist system based on pure individualism and big business. The principles of democracy are freely and severely criticized in many circles, and doubts are expressed as to many beliefs hitherto accepted unquestionably, such as the efficiency of American business methods, rationalization, mechanization and standardization. On the other hand, one hears a great deal about economic planning, and several speakers of Williamstown believed that it was necessary.

The eminent Chicago economist, Professor Jacob Viner, stated that even if there were a normal recovery from the depression, the process of planning will be speeded up. Even under the existing American methods of Government, "so little adapted for any kind of planning by its form, by its tradition, by its low administrative standards, and by the influences of business upon it, we shall have an increase of such activities." State intervention and control is coming to be regarded more and more as desirable. The leaders of American business are called to account for not having foreseen the crisis and for having failed to find a way out of it.

(Mr. Villari's second article on the United States will appear in next week's issue.—Ed.)

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION

BY ADRIAN BURY

IT remains for the modern world to admire and worship. Such is the conviction that moves us as we pass from gallery to gallery at Burlington House. Here in a tiny area of England is concentrated the spirit of France, all its beauty and intelligence, its irony and idealism. The essence of a thousand years of inspiration and effort is incorporated for a brief while in a few rooms. We are embarrassed with riches. Let us be grateful. If the present cannot improve upon the glories of the past, it can at least contemplate these glories, thanks to the organising ability of committees and the democratic conscience of nations and collectors.

A word of tribute is due to the arrangement of the exhibition. Since each room is devoted to an epoch, we can follow the course of French art from the beginning to the end, finding the masters in their right places chronologically.

The first remarkable thing about the Primitives is their lack of that quality generally associated with the word. Particularly, in early French carving do we find an astounding power of technique and observation. A glance at the ivory entitled "La Descente de Croix," dating from the middle of the thirteenth century, assures us that an intimate knowledge of natural form and the ability to reveal it existed very early in France. The Virgin's face and hands, her expression of pity and devotion are rendered directly and without symbolism. This piece and the marvellous "Vierge de Jeanne D'Evreux" (c.1339), and several preceding examples of sculpture are full of a rare and beautiful humanism.

The picture of Jean le Bon, attributed to Gerard D'Orleans, is far less secure than the earlier stones and ivories. But if painting is apparently hesitant, it reaches a sudden authority in the genius of Jean Fouquet. There is no lovelier Virgin and Child than the one painted in the fifteenth century by Jean Fouquet, showing the Madonna surrounded by blue and crimson Cherubim. Here the yearning of humanity has triumphed over the dark and rigid dogma of theocracy. We are confronted with the eternal mother and eternal child, and whether or not the face is of Agnes Sorel, who is believed to have posed for this picture, it is surely among the sweetest and tenderest faces in the whole heirarchy of religious painting. Despite the austere intention of the artist, the features are intensely real, as representational and characteristic as the same master's deliberate realism of Charles the Seventh.

The individual, both artist and patron, are now in the ascendent. The painter speaks his mind. There is no reticence, either here or in the Triptique de Moulins. Look at the daughter of Anne of France in this unique picture. The artist has not compromised with a plain face, but has recorded it to the life. The age of elegance and flattery comes later with the Italian School of Fontainebleau and even with the resourceful Francois Clouet. Who is the "Dame au Bain," by this artist? Some say it is Diane of Poitiers in which case the painter has sacrificed truth to charm with an almost cynical suavity, for the celebrated Diane was nearly fifty when this portrait was painted. Is she Gabrielle D'Estrées? Who can be certain now? There is, however, no mystery about the artist's objective. It is the desire to please his patron and fascinate the world, and from this moment princes and their women are among the motives of genius. This exhibition is rich in Clouets and Corneille de Lyons. Their work, in its limited scope, is perfect. These portraits are frank but pleasant

statements, devoid of rhetoric and drama, the records of voluptuous and privileged persons.

The brothers Le Nain, in the next century, can guide art back to the life of the people, can look curiously at the beggar and the peasant and reveal them in their modest environment. But there are a sobriety of colour and rigidity of form in such work. It lingers between the more solemn of the primitive expression and the amazing rhythm and profound anatomical knowledge that Poussin brings to painting.

We may never again have the opportunity of seeing so many fine Poussins together. Is he not the supreme genius of French art, the Leonardo of Gaul, a painter who, living over a hundred years after the Renaissance, was yet to add something to the Italian miracle, to come nearer to Greece than Michaelangelo came, and still to preserve the logic of France?

For the scholar, the Poussins are the most moving pictures in the exhibition. He is the complete master, wedding figure to landscape, colour to tone and feeling to reason. The perfection of his forms, the harmony of his compositions and the grandeur of his scene are the consummation of French painting. Even the golden visions of Claude are dimmed in his presence, as the work of a poet is outshone by a man equally gifted as poet and philosopher.

We must wait until nineteen years after the death of Poussin for another authentic French genius. In the brief period between 1684 and 1721, painting, in Watteau, finds a new impetus, both in matter and method. Here again is the poet, but his gifts are of the lyrical rather than the epic quality. Poussin would escape from life into the arcady of mythology. Watteau's arcady is more human, gayer, prettier. It is theatrical, but it is lovely, and artificially set within a natural background. Watteau might be singing that all the world's a stage and all the players are happy. Is he happy himself, or is his work the passionate expression of a man in haste to build an existence nearer to his heart's desire, a desire to be stilled prematurely by the remorseless hand of death?

Thence the art of France moves between these two ideals. David and Ingres for classicism, Delacroix and Courbet for Romanticism and Realism, with Impressionism as a logical development.

These ideals assert themselves, with varying fervour in Gallery IX. Here the spectator can enjoy the opportunity of indulging in the game of comparison. If the emotional magnificence of "La Justice de Trajan" by Delacroix is more satisfying than the cold "Martyrdom of Saint Symphorien" by Ingres, we are only too ready to return to the latter artist's picture "La Source" in preference to the same subject by Renoir.

Among the Impressionists Manet is pre-eminent. Of all the moderns he fits best into the tradition. He is a great draughtsman and competent painter, rivalled occasionally by Degas, but never by Cézanne. How trivial is the latter's "Joueurs des Cartes." Renoir has beauty, but his position among the giants is precarious. His mind is commonplace. Cézanne must come down from the Olympian heights where modern criticism has placed him. The exhibition ends with Seurat, Gauguin and Toulouse Lautrec. The first is a scientist, the second is a misogynist, the third is a journalist. None has the right to stand very close to the true immortals. In this room we are led to the conclusion that the great beliefs and insatiable desires that make art splendid have worn themselves out. When and where will they revive?

THE CHANGING FACE OF MUSIC

BY EDWARD CRANKSHAW

IT is absurd to compare the present revolution in music with the disturbance which accompanied Wagner's eruption; yet this is a common enough attitude. Faced, for instance, with abuse of Bartok, numbers of self-appointed disciples are ready to cite Wagner's early unpopularity, even to generalise to the effect that no genius has ever received honour in his own lifetime; which is palpable nonsense. The position of the contemporary composer has nothing in common with that of Wagner; there is a full-blooded revolution raging in the musical world just now, and the composer who contrived to be born towards the close of the last century could not have selected a less propitious moment.

The great problem of course is Tristan. Wagner covered more ground than evolution generally allows any single man, and left little for anyone else to do in that particular line. He is as great a nuisance to the contemporary composer as Shakespeare must have been to his immediate successors: there was nothing for them to do that Shakespeare had not done consummately well; he had inaugurated a revolution and fulfilled it. Wagner did not conduct a revolution but he exhausted the possibilities of his line of action and achieved in a single lifetime all that might reasonably have been expected this side of 1950.

His successors on the other hand, men like Schönberg and Bartok, had to start afresh before the time-spirit had allowed them to outgrow all they knew. A few men made special corners in aspects of romantic expression left undeveloped by Wagner; Debussy with his whole tone impressions; Richard Strauss; Max Reger, developed tonal polyphony; Brückner, with his peasant faith and naïveté, produced symphony after symphony, superbly orchestrated, lit with a rare clarity of spirit but lacking finality of form; Mahler flung all his nervous intensity into symphonies but succeeded only when he was an exhausted spirit with *Das Lied von der Erde*—and with his songs; Brahms pulled the sonata form together in an effort of inspired reaction, and Elgar followed gladly in his footsteps. The impressionists Vaughan Williams, Bax, and Pfitzer are dreaming away their lives in enchanted valleys, which are no thoroughfares.

Then came the "moderns": every available patch of fertile land was already staked out, and before them lay the desert, to be irrigated, to be reclaimed. All that we can expect from them—all that we have any right to expect from anyone who is not a first-class genius—is a certain mapping of unexplored territory—perhaps a hint of the new main road, perhaps merely the discovery of *culs de sacs*, so that red flags may be stuck up to warn off newcomers. It seems highly improbable that we shall have any great masterpiece (apart from an occasional isolated tour de force) from any "modern" composer who to-day is middle-aged. Sibelius is the exception, for he has been producing masterpieces for many years; whether he will appear to posterity as a sort of twentieth-century Brahms, or a pioneer, remains to be seen.

Music, then, is in a state of revolution; and to the question "Who is the leader?" the answer is — Beethoven!

With the "Hammerklavier" sonata Beethoven hinted at revolution (just as in the second symphony he prepared the world for the revolutionary "Eroica"). With those dreadful chords in the last movement of the Choral Symphony he proclaimed its imminence. With the Diabelli variations and the final quartettes the revolution was achieved and consolidated. Then Beethoven died: it was left to others to cultivate the soil he had won. Until recently there had been no sign that others were aware of the existence of the new territory.

Thinking quite untechnically the music of the nineteenth century seems to have sprung from Beethoven's middle period; it was made possible by his work up to the ninth symphony. It could have existed and would have existed if the last quartettes had never been written (although we might have missed some of the more "difficult" passages from the chamber music of Brahms). In other words the posthumous quartettes had little or no influence on music for over three-quarters of a century. To-day after many years during which their existence was ascribed to tonal aberration arising from deafness, they are regarded as something final and conclusive. And taken individually, they are final. But to work on the lines suggested by them is not to invite dispraise. We do not disparage Ibsen for taking advantage of the shattering of the Unities by Shakespeare; we do not accuse Schubert of mere imitation because, to a certain extent, he assimilated the technical advances made by Beethoven up to the ninth symphony; we shall not disparage any composer of our own generation who proves that he has assimilated the advances made by Beethoven up to his death to such an extent that he can employ the technical ideas to carry on his own lyrical or philosophical ideas. On the contrary we shall welcome him as the greatest composer since Wagner; and in all likelihood he will be the greatest composer since Beethoven. One day he must come, unless all that Beethoven achieved in his last years is to go for nothing: the *heilige Dankgesang*, the *grosse Fuge*, the *alla tedesca*, were surely not for nothing?

All this goes to illuminate the extraordinary position of the contemporary composer. Wagner stands four-square across his natural path; driven desperate he seeks to progress through revolution: and here the trouble is that a century ago a revolution was inaugurated, is awaiting fulfilment, and can be fulfilled only by a first-class genius; it renders, nevertheless, any other revolution a redundancy and a mockery. It is a miserable position for all sincere and would-be progressive musicians who have not the minds of a Bach, a Mozart, a Beethoven, and we owe them all our sympathy.

The man who appears to have assimilated beyond any other the later music of Beethoven is the Hungarian, Bela Bartok; this is particularly apparent when he is writing for the piano, which is used by him most triumphantly as a percussion instrument; one is reminded of the Diabelli variations. His abstractions, too have something of the ring of the posthumous quartettes. But, whether this is conscious or unconscious, Bartok is not great enough to fill the contemporary phase of the Beethoven revolution; for all that, his work, so arduously sincere, may help to put others on the right lines.

Schönberg, of course, is the giant of the "moderns," and he deserves all the respect we are capable of. Some of his work is bound to live; it will be seen in its true light only when the new genius has arisen. Meanwhile he has amply justified his existence by facing up to the problem with courage: the man who once thought in terms of *Verklärte Nacht* might well have become embittered by the dilemma in which he found himself. Schönberg realised the situation perfectly, saw that a new path had to be opened up, and sat down to discover the essence of music in an effort to formulate a new synthesis. It was the theorist in him that was his undoing.

Had he been more interested in external things he might have seen that there was a signpost, obscured with the dust of a hundred years, but pointing to the main-road. Schönberg, more than any other, has held the fort. When the new genius arises he will find Wagner carefully removed from his path and he will have to thank the fervent idealism of Schönberg.

THE CLINIC

BY JOHN HEYGATE.

POPULAR science has brought a wide margin of unmentionable subjects within the range of dinner-table mention. We have to thank Strachey and Jeans, Julian Huxley and Boulestin, for making history, stars, our human chemistry and the secrets of the kitchen as palatable upon the lip as on the reader's palate. During the war hostesses perforce discussed the dour potato-cake and disparaged by inference the use of upstart brands of margarine. But to-day it is up to the guest of culture to appreciate the most subtle cuisine distinguishing between the various uses of rosemary, thyme and marjoram. So may we not make mention of the internal organs whose function it is to digest and nourish? We may. To be of our times we must. Nerves, chill and the Gout, the Flu have long been appendages of fashionable small-talk. And now beneath the light of science we have entered on an age of broadcast dyspepsia. Colitis and its cure are exchanged in earnest conversation. The body, stripped of its Victorian shame, is found to be more absorbing and more human even than the carburetter. The sympathy of parallel symptoms passes the love of all hale and hearty women. And with the knowledge of what we carry beneath this elegant facade comes the self-realisation of man (and of woman), not as the social phrase-maker but as a creature of marvellous machinery, whose control is partly in his hands and partly in those of nature, whether he crowds on tie and high evening collar or lies in artificial naturalness, sweating his vigour on a man-made sun-terrace. It comes to every child to wonder "Am I me? Am I responsible for my movements?"—just as the novice at the microphone hears his frail words going out to millions and is suddenly inclined to close his mouth and take a seat among the listeners. It takes longer still to assume the blame for the mature body. Only after grim experience can the patient attain to the ecstasy of true corporate awareness.

We owe this revelation largely to the modern clinic. The nursing-home is too polite an institution to treat of ducts and arteries; let the doctor see to the patient's anatomy. The matron's care is of roses and violets and the pink shades that grace the festival of Maternity. Women among women softly whispering. . . . And the hospital is far too broad a slice of life to permit the slow organic growth of science-charted personality. But the clinic—instruments borrowed from the French genius, discipline and exhaustive chemistry adapted from the German, leavened all through with the British sense of the balance and individuality of all things on this inhabited earth. From these roots has grown the formidable, increasingly fashionable clinic, whose inmates speak another language and to return to which is to begin a new term among the most loathsome, tortured and torturing of private schoolboys—and to enjoy it.

The spirit of the modern clinic should content the strictest Hitlerite. But its *Blutsgefühl* is created, not by the pulsing of the same racial red corpuscles, or from the tradition of hard fought centuries, but by the common frailty of a duodenum, the ordeal by stomach-pump, by Plombières, by nauseous foam of oxygen.

'Tis pretty perhaps to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other—

Sympathy and self-revelation follow where tube and dial and arched prisons of swiftly mounting temperature confront the victim. How crude the Inquisitors! How maladroit their use of wrack and screw and pincers! The pipe of Utrecht which carried kitchen savours through the cells of starving prisoners is laboured humour compared with the clinic, where Puréed Spinach dines in view of Roast Chicken and Apple Tart, while Glass-of-Milk-half-an-hour-daily roams in starved repletion through the joyless reception rooms. The victim of

the Iron Virgin fell transfixed into the dungeon waters. But the prisoner of the radium-heated bath, helpless like Marat before the dagger of an aproned Charlotte Corday, is hurried limp, sweating, within the curved walls of the shower bath, from which ice-cold spikes of water, sharp as steel, assail the weak fleshfulness.

'Tis tender, too, perhaps and pretty

At each wild word to feel within

A sweet recoil of love and pity—

At times the aproned torturer feels with Coleridge sufficient pity to turn water into warmth. He (for women "she") has that tender touch, that feeling with his subject, that intuition for suffering without which the torturer is but a bully, the executioner a lout.

From the first moment the scientific discipline of the clinic makes itself felt. Car and chauffeur are gone; last links with metropolis severed. Within an hour, stripped of rank and fashion, she lies, No. 18, the object of tests which will reduce her personality to a sequence of delicately traced peaks and valleys, a table of chemical percentages (two-thirds of her are water), a series of white clouds upon the X-ray pictures as the Barium meal is "snapped" in descending stages of digestion. It is discipline we lack in this time of cast-off heritage and tradition. No 18 has a half-hourly chart at the bedside. Breakfast 8.15. Treatment—pretty euphemism!—at 10. As 11 sounds the chemist is in the room with his oxygen cylinder and poised injection needle. Life loses meaning beyond the clinic walls. There is nothing to say to visitors. The Ballad of the Clinic has yet to be written; for the patient has no interest in "what prisoners call the sky." With their tonic they gulp the waters of Lethe. Pride and self-respect are put away with their dresses. They rejoice in captivity without thought of honourable escape. Happy in possession of some glandular deficiency they exchange the foulest secrets in the loggia, form unutterable friendships down winding lanes of laurel. And always in his laboratory the chemist plots and plots and the graph of their being rises and falls unbeknown to them.

The day comes when they must resume normal contacts. Mouthing, slaving, patients accompany them with mock sorrow to the door; the prison gates are passed, but nothing lies before them. They shrink from the hale aggression of friends, who jarred as visitors and who can never understand with the inner understanding of the pathological. The newly-balanced system recoils from its vigorous cousin. "How well you are looking!" It is not a case of health nor of ill-health, but of a nature changing with a changed physique, and it demands a slow adjustment of old contacts and a soft approach to the crude, stumbling denizens of the world of stalwarts. For they alone have knowledge of the tree of life. They alone from the experience of their abstracted senses have acquired the "*mens sano in corpore insano*." Looking out head and shoulders from their radium-heated prison they saw men as trees walking, and they know thereafter that the comparison is not so very wrong. "There are two races in Europe to-day," wrote a post-war German, "fathers and sons." To these we may safely add three others—sick and healthy and, most glorious of all, the rejuvenated, the god-like Old Boy who revisits his clinic in the pride of his reborn nature.

There is no club in all the world quite like the clinic, and no clinic and no doctor like their own; and the thought that they may one day become a graph again forms but a sober basis of philosophy. Meanwhile philosophy to the winds! They feel the red blood flowing; their *Blutsgefühl* transcends all frontiers and compels all races.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

SHOULD BACHELORS BE TAXED?

YES, BY FRANCIS FULLER.

ENGLAND to-day has a favoured class, and we live in times when we cannot afford to grant privileges. Certainly bachelor's privileges are of the negative rather than of the positive order. Unmarried men are not granted special concessions, but they escape privations which others suffer. Therefore in the cause of justice they should be taxed to make their lot approximate that of those who carry the burdens of family life.

Taxation is levied on the two chief heads of unearned increment and earned income, and the classes who entirely escape direct taxation belong to those who neither earn nor possess much. Young children for instance and the very old, whose earning time is over, alike escape the rigours of taxation, and no one grudges their immunity. The bachelor is, however, at the height of his earning capacity from 21 to 60, and he escapes more lightly than he should from the burden of State.

If a bachelor were carrying heavy civic burdens then we would not grudge him a certain national irresponsibility, but in truth he escapes even more lightly in civic life than he does in national. The bachelor is most rarely a householder and so he entirely avoids the burden of rate paying. It may be urged that he pays a certain proportion of rates on his lodging or hotel bill, but the proportion is so small that it is unappreciable for when rates vary his bill remains constant.

The man who is thus so entirely free of civic responsibility should on that ground alone be a fit subject for national severity rather than leniency, but this is far from being the case. Imagine two men in their thirties, one with a wife and two children, and the other a bachelor. The same income has to suffice both for the single man and for the family of four. The married man obtains an income tax reduction on behalf of the family, at first sight it would seem that he thus enjoys an advantage. But it must be remembered that national income is not raised entirely by direct taxation but also by considerable charges on commodities.

A recent tax on silk stockings did not hit the bachelor at all, but the married man paid. When tea, sugar and coffee are taxed it is the man who gives his wife a housekeeping allowance that really pays the state. The cinema tax goes up, and the single man pays it on one—or possibly two—tickets but the married man on several. Thus apart from all his heavy weight of civic taxation the married man bears most of the indirect taxation of the country.

It might prove impolitic to tax the too-young bachelor, for the man who is about to marry must have time to save something towards making a home, and a form of taxation that actually prevented matrimony could not be to the country's good.

France, with her determination to raise her birth rate, has little sympathy with the bachelor. On the other hand there is a certain school of thought in England that is realising that the women bachelor often makes the male variety. The woman who takes a man's job is quite possibly keeping another woman from marrying, and this second woman may thereupon monopolise another man's job—and so the vicious circle goes on.

The tendency of the marriage age in England both for men and for women is to rise. As the marriage rate rises there is obviously a large class of bachelors, men and women, who must be living in considerable luxury while doing little for the State in providing it either with new citizens or in supplying an adequate share of national income. Possibly the new Chancellor of the Exchequer may turn his attention to this as yet untapped source of income.

NO, BY CAPT. R. G. GRIFFITH

WHEN every man and woman in Britain is taxed to the limit both directly or indirectly, it requires ingenuity to find some new class on which to draw. But of all ideas, that of taxing bachelorhood is probably the most foolish and short-sighted. Some married folk talk glibly of bachelors being well able to bear an additional toll but never stop to define a bachelor. At twenty-one the boy becomes the presumably taxable man. Yet in fact the majority of these youngsters are still at the University, are living with their people or are in the vital stage of training for a career. At 21 they would earn little and such a tax would be the last straw for middle-class fathers.

Even if you suggest commencing the taxation of bachelors at 25 the absurdity of the idea is still manifest. The national cry is for economy, yet marriage cannot come under that head! Every young woman, no matter how thrifty and how efficient, naturally likes pretty clothes, and two mouths cost more to feed than one. A bachelor can keep himself, live in modest comfort and save money as soon as, at perhaps 23, he is in a permanent job.

His first and foremost task is to concentrate wholly on his work. He may have other interests but his career and ambition should bulk largely on his horizon. What man can give of his best when he is perpetually worrying about domestic affairs; unpaid bills and the possibility of children? Marriage can indeed be a mill-stone round the neck of the young husband, hindering his progress and stifling initiative. There is no more enthusiastic, efficient worker than the youngster who is untrammelled and can devote himself body and soul to success.

The time when the foundations of man's future are laid is that vital interval between the age of 18 and 35. During those years, the lawyer, doctor, or carpenter must work unsparingly. He must give himself without stint and build up a solid basis so that eventually he can marry and live in comfort. A bachelor tax would jeopardise his chances for there would be an increase in the number of hasty marriages. "Love in a garret" very soon ceases to be Love, and the divorce lists would inevitably grow heavier. Then there is the question of children. On a small salary how many would receive the good food, the care and sound education so essential. Pauperise the father, and the children necessarily suffer.

If bachelors are to be taxed one supposes that this includes bachelor girls. Miss 1931 considers herself the equal of most men and hence should bear her share of taxation. Nor, in these days, would they be able to plead that no man had proposed to them, for in nine cases out of ten they are quite capable of proposing for themselves.

The ambitious young man should not trouble about marriage until he is at least thirty-five and can show that he has made a niche for himself in the world. For the girl, the same principle holds good, though of course not for such a length of time. Her early years should be devoted to fitting herself to be an efficient housewife, and to mastering household hygiene. Thirty-five and twenty-five have been said to be the ideal marriage age for a man and a woman, for then both know their own minds, have had experience of the world and have a wide and sane outlook on life. To penalise the acquiring of that wisdom would be the height of folly, and though a bachelor tax for both sexes might bring in a few odd millions it would also bring a harvest of domestic misery and even tragedy. Tax bicycles, or cats; put a heavy duty on imports, but leave human nature to work out its own destiny.

STORY

COINCIDENCE

BY HELEN TREVELYAN.

SHE frowned, then automatically passed three white fingers over the place and glanced in the mirror, remembering Madame Fayre's advice about avoiding wrinkles. But although there was no outward sign of worry, Atalanta was conscious of an ever-growing anxiety.

And she blamed the letter. Unreasonably. For without a prelude of many similar suggestions its coming would have had no effect. As things were, it brought emphasis upon a situation only hinted at before—a situation at once too ludicrous to bear admission.

A situation in which the exquisite Atalanta Greye was to be made a laughing stock; a situation which showed her at forty-two, still beautiful, but unwanted where she had been most desired, unloved where she had been worshipped. Certainly too ludicrous to bear admission.

And yet under the cold analysis of introspection Atalanta knew it to be true. The culmination of a studied, brilliant career had suddenly ended, without apparent reason, in nothing. Where the world once raved it had grown cold, or found some new inspiration. Where the elect once clamoured for admission there stood an empty house, its novelty worn off, and some new trail successfully started. Barren except for Atalanta.

And the men? The adorers who counted life as nothing beside her hard-won love. Where were they? Found, perhaps, that the human need is greater than an uneven fight against unconquerable beauty.

Atalanta shivered and drew the rest gown closer round her. As she did so her eyes caught sight of the letter, and reluctantly she began to read again.

"Dear Atalanta,

As you very well know, your Uncle and I were only too glad to help you out of your difficulty some twenty years ago. And during the intervening time we have done everything in our power, and tried to send you satisfactory reports.

We both feel now, however (your Uncle most emphatically), that it is no longer fair to try and chain youth down to the little we are able to offer. For a child just home on holidays our country village provides ample occupation, but for a young man, anxious to see the world, there is not enough. And nowadays he is so often away.

Atalanta, my dear, your life has been gay and adventurous above most, don't you think yourself it would be a befitting finish to your brilliant career to marry now, and settle down and take John?

Believe me ———"

A small photograph fell out, and looking at it Atalanta saw a very young face, slightly dissatisfied, but very straight. She laughed, then rather harshly, remembering "What could ever be satisfied between us, André?"

"A befitting finish to your brilliant career." Exactly! And for the first time in that brilliant career, a wish without hope of being realised.

"And nowadays he is so often away ———"

There was a knock. The door opened, and "Mr. Anthony Warrender to see you, miss," announced the spruce French maid.

Tony! Atalanta caught her breath; but, expert in the art of concealing emotion, showed no sign of excitement. "Tell him—in five minutes," she said, "then get out my almond green."

And while a perfectly steady hand applied the make-up, smoothed the hair, and worked the scent spray, a

heart beat furiously, and a mind raced—what a chance—never again to be let slip—then crowding memories of a voice saying:

"Atalanta you're heartbreakingly lovely. Always wear almond green, my dearest, and you'll get whatever you want, always from me anyhow"—The kiss—And much later; "You've had your amusement, and I've had my experience. Never again. Goodbye."

And now he was there, downstairs. Slipping between the cool folds of the gossamer georgette, Atalanta planned it all. A casual, faintly amused greeting. Then a gradual, glorious submission.

"And John? Oh! just an explanation—pleading youth—inexperience—the advantages Frenchmen take—easy."

A last look in the mirror showed a delicious reflection and, fully aware of the dramatic situation she swept down the wide, white stairway.

Atalanta never quite knew when it was that reality replaced romance, but somewhere between the time of meeting, and the shock of her sudden aloneness, the carefully-laid scheme underwent a change. It was the same bronzed Tony, with the same strong hands. (The real English hero type.) But deliberately forcing herself from the outward attraction, and listening to his words, Atalanta began to realise an impending danger to her hopes.

Just fragments, pieces of sentences, thrown in upon the vortex of her own distorted thoughts, gradually formed a sickening whole.

"Felt I owed it you—believed you'd understand—only passion between us—whereas Mary—real love—deep—true—Mary and I—Mary and I—affinities—you see—don't look like that—Atalanta—you never cared—you know you didn't—don't—Atalanta—" He was gone.

And suddenly Atalanta knew a kind of panic. Catching up a cloak, she flung out of the house and into the gaily-lighted street. Thrown into the surge of theatre-goers she struggled on, trying to drown the mental inanition by a physical exertion.

When the crowds thinned she found herself near Shaftesbury Avenue and stopped to regain breath. Several men looked at her in passing, some spoke—and in the hysterical turmoil of her mind there sprang a half-crazy idea—"Well, why not?—one's own friends were mockeries enough—God knew—why not make a real one this way." Just then the long low car, which she had been conscious of for some time, drew up and stopped.

It began to rain. A wind caught at her skirts and she shuddered. The light from a street lamp fell on his hands holding the wheel. Swiftly she crossed the pavement and got in.

They drove a little way in silence. Then Atalanta turned—and looked upon the very young face of her son.

Next Week's SATURDAY REVIEW will contain:—

What Communism Stands For.

The New Method in Education. By Dr. Maria Montessori.

A Memory of Ireland. By Lyle Donaghy.

Argument: Does Science Mean Progress?

And a Short Story By Peter Traill.

FILMS BY MARK FORREST

Palmy Days. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The Dominion.

Mischief. Directed by Jack Raymond. The New Gallery.

Five Star Final. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The Carlton.

MOST of the cinemas are continuing their Christmas programmes and those, who feel like laughing and have not yet been satiated, will find plenty of farce with which to amuse themselves. American farce and our own differ materially and two fairly good representations of them both are on view at the present time. The American contribution is "Palmy Days" in which Eddie Cantor is appearing at the Dominion.

There used to be a music hall turn called "Fun in a Bakery" and the expression appropriately sums up the absurdities which constitutes "Palmy Days." Eddie Cantor, whom cinemagoers will remember in "Whoopie," has a large following (of which I am not one), and his rolling eyes and elastic limbs made most of the audience, especially the children, laugh a great deal on the afternoon on which I saw him begin his activities by being pushed about by a strong woman. Later when he had recovered from her treatment and had hidden the pay roll in a loaf of bread the chase raised any amount of enthusiasm. The picture is supported by "Carmo's Circus," which is not so ambitious as the one at Olympia, but is nearer the sawdust.

"Mischief," at The New Gallery, is the British type of farce. It contains the usual ingredients to which British playgoers have been accustomed for long years, and presumably to which British cinemagoers will likewise become used. Ralph Lynn, complete with eyeglass, moves about in everybody's bedroom but his own with sublime foolishness, giving explanations which no one ever dreams of accepting. Doors which should be locked are always open and vice versa, and through them, or halted by them, rush, or not, enraged husbands, shocked spinsters and prying servants. At the appropriate time everything is cleared up and Ralph Lynn and Winifred Shotter are free from the turmoil.

I always wonder what the fourth act of such a farce should be; perhaps Mr. Ben Travers will do one for a "Greenroom Rag"; the start as far as "Mischief" is concerned is full of possibilities. The director, Mr. Raymond, has made some use of the camera in translating this Aldwych play to the screen, and on that account deserves to be congratulated. It is good Christmas fare and may do something to straighten disordered livers and remove other complaints, peculiar to the particular time of the year.

"Five Star Final" is not in the Christmas tradition and those who want a change, or no tradition at all, may be glad of the presence of the screen adaptation of "Late Night Final." There is, at any rate, a very fine performance by Edward G. Robinson, who plays the part of the news editor of a "yellow sheet." The theme is one that is generally termed "strong," which is synonymous in these days with unpleasant. The drama of the story, however, would not have been enhanced if the director had not taken the pace so slowly and laid the accent on the less vital phases of the plot. Had the action moved at the breakneck pace of "The Front Page," one wouldn't have had so much time to ponder about the ethics of the idea. The leisure is there and the result is a very nasty taste. A newspaper "stunt" leads to the double suicide of an ordinary couple who are leading respectable ordinary lives and, though the news editor resigns, the real moral of the story is that the circulation of the paper goes up. Presumably then, the "stunt" will be repeated every time the "off" months make their appearance.

THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

The Crimes of Burke and Hare. By Gladys Hastings Walton. New Theatre.

THE melodrama at the New Theatre is one of the oddest pieces I have ever seen. Let me say at once that it makes a first-rate evening's entertainment and I recommend it; that its intellectual value is in the neighbourhood of zero; that considered as a work of art it cannot be nearly as contemptible as it appears to be, because—and this is probably the only criticism worth making about it—it undoubtedly succeeds in its, perhaps deplorable, ambitions; and that though you will probably go, as I went, in a mood of contemptuous superiority, you will find yourself far less amused, than interested and excited, by this "Thrilling and Sensational Drama."

Miss Walton's reconstruction of the crimes of Burke and Hare is an unintentional retort to "The Anatomist." The latter is quite categorically pro-Knox, and becomes convincingly apologetic with the heroic and all-conquering Mr. Ainley to impersonate the surgeon. Pioneers in science cannot afford to be entirely scrupulous in their methods; and so far as Knox is concerned, the surgical end excused, if it did not wholly justify, the murderous means. His "shots," as they were called, were the lowest the most useless and also the least happy members of society; and when the Bridie-Ainley Dr. Knox refers to them, one feels that they ought to have been willing, if not actually proud and grateful, to be martyred in the interests of anatomical investigation.

But see the small and mean and cringing Dr. Knox of Mr. George M. Slater! At once we realise—with shame!—what an immensity of difference a man's mere physical appearance makes to our opinion of his character, his motives and his questionable morality. The Knox of "The Anatomist," for all such superficial ugliness as a patch and a wig can make to Mr. Ainley's splendour, is quite obviously a better man than any of his carping unenlightened critics. True that the heavy-headed and well-balanced sarcasm which Dr. Bridie gives him for the thumping of his enemies, adds an intellectual triumph which compels our admiration. But would we, I wonder, side with him so readily, if the physique were puny and the voice less organ-like? I doubt it. With Mr. Ainley in the title-role, Knox is undisputed hero of the story; but cast the part as it is cast in Miss Walton's melodrama, and the play might well and without irony be called "The Crimes of Dr. Knox."

Knox is a minor villain of Miss Walton's play; which, apart from a ridiculous love-interest and some very odd comedy-relief, is devoted to "the Old Firm of Burke and Hare," as the programme, with the traditional grim jocularity of melodrama, humourously describes them. Act One begins in "Mrs. Swanston's Pub, Westport," which appears to be identical with The Three Tuns Tavern of "The Anatomist" (Act Two). But Miss Walton, unlike Dr. Bridie, does not leave the subsequent atrocities to our imagination. We follow with the Irish villains and their victim, Mary Paterson, to that human slaughter-house, Gibbs Close, where the latter is murdered *coram populo*. Thus, it is worth noting, is the heroine removed from the proceedings before the curtain has descended on Act One!

Act Two provides another surprise for those familiar with the ways of melodrama. Even more "lovable" than Mary is the comic character "Daft Jamie." He is particularly lovable, because, in addition to being daft and poor and lame and helpless, he has a gift for making shrewd, if quaintly phrased, denunciations of the villainy. He is, in fact, the audience's representative; the mouth-piece of that moralist of moralists, the British Playgoer;

and the hero of the play. And yet (presumably because the piece is "Founded on Real Facts" and Miss Walton is an incorruptible historian) Daft Jamie falls a victim to the villains in the middle of Act Two.

It says much for the personalities of the actors playing Burke and Hare that the play survives this disregard of orthodox construction. Traditional melodrama is a battle between Good and Evil, in which Evil is successful almost till the end; and the interest is held, and the excitement kept alive, by the continual postponement of that splendid and inevitable moment when the tables are turned and Virtue is Triumphant. At the New Theatre, Virtue can only triumph posthumously—a very poor substitute for personal heroics. Indeed, it can hardly be said to "triumph" at all; for a more dunderheaded pair of "heroes" than the Scottish police-sergeant and poor Mary Paterson's avenging sweetheart could hardly be conceived.

That the play continues to interest dramatically after Mary and Daft Jamie have been murdered, is due partly to the exceptional nature of the villains, whose appalling callousness is not only extraordinary, but also entirely credible; partly to the fact that they are Irish; and partly to the robust and appropriate performances of Mr. Tod Slaughter and Mr. Douglas Carlile. The first makes them interesting, the second gives them an irresistible unconscious humour, and the third provides the necessary drama. In other words, these murderers are two-sided, lovable as well as hateful, heroes (of a sort) as well as villains. And so long as they are on the stage together, we are morally, as well as artistically, satisfied. Nor must I forget to pay a tribute to the actor who plays Jamie. Mr. Geoff. Carlile brought the house down, as the saying is, and he thoroughly deserved his repeated ovations. He had created a little masterpiece of caricature in which (as in many of the lines confided to him) one seemed to detect an ancestor among the clowns of Shakespeare. It appalled me personally; but it was, on its own lines, brilliant.

I remarked in my opening paragraph that the intellectual content of this melodrama was nil. This was hardly fair to Miss Walton, though accurate enough in a rough summary. For the play appears, in one or two odd moments, to be actually based on an "idea"; to be propagandist; and to aim at reforming the law of England. The "idea" has recently been widely advertised by the pronouncements of a learned and peculiarly "modern" judge, and entails a denial of the invariable sanctity of human life.

Miss Walton's melodrama about Burke and Hare is prefaced with a Prologue, in which we find a direct descendant of the latter about to be executed for the murder of his wife. He talks to the Prison Chaplain, explaining that his motive for the murder was his discovery that a child was "on the way." The Chaplain immediately interprets this as a case of Unwritten Law. He is mistaken. The expected child was perfectly legitimate; and it was because it was legitimate, because it would have been a genuine Hare—and therefore doomed to inherit the family bad character—that the father had decided to destroy it. It is almost impossible not to see in this a plea for Birth Control, if not for legalized abortion; and the very same point is made again in the course of the play by an expectant mother. No, I must not say that the play is devoid of intellectual content; but I doubt if that section of the audience which most enjoys the play will approve, or even notice, her inclusion in it of this very subversive doctrine.

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GRAMOPHONE BY RALPH HILL.

THE NEW RECORDS

THE influence of Edouard Lalo (1823-1892) on the modern French school of composers as represented by Debussy, Dukas, Ravel, and others, has yet to be fully assessed. When Lalo's ballet, *Namouna*, was produced in 1882, it received a cool reception from the public, but the enthusiasm of the younger generation of musicians knew no bounds—Debussy and Dukas got to know the score by heart. Owing to its failure to find general favour the composer re-arranged the best numbers in the form of an orchestral suite of which a fine performance is given by The Lamoureux Orchestra under Albert Wolff (Polydor 67032-4). Consisting of five movements: Prelude, Serenade, Theme and Variations, Parade de Foire, Fete Foraine, the music is melodious and graceful in style—the impressive Prelude is designed on symphonic lines—and the boldness of the harmonies and originality of the orchestration obviously foreshadow the more daring innovations of Lalo's younger contemporaries. Saint-Saens's music pointed backwards rather than forwards and remained almost uninfluenced by modern innovations and tendencies, but although his serious compositions may be looked at askance to-day owing to their alleged shallowness of thought and superficial glitter, the charm and wit of the *Carnival of the Animals* is irresistible. Saint-Saens's great command over orchestral technique (this work is scored for a large orchestra, including two pianos) enabled him to suggest with amazing cleverness the characteristics of various animals, such as the lion, tortoise, mule, kangaroo, elephant, and pianists, which are represented by scales and arpeggios on the two pianos playing ascending, descending and in contrary motion and punctuated with fortissimo chords on the full orchestra at appropriate intervals! The beautiful swan tune also belongs to this suite. A brilliant performance is obtained by The Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski (H.M.V. D1992-4) and the reproduction of double bass tone is exceptionally good.

From Lalo and Saint-Saens to Ravel is a fairly far cry, nevertheless the latter's music springs from traditional French sources and like that of his predecessors shares the national characteristic for purity of line and delicate and finely balanced construction in the classical style. Ravel's String Quartet is, in my opinion, not only one of his best works, but one of the outstanding contributions to modern chamber music. Laid out in four movements, the first follows the usual sonata-form design with its two subjects, but the remaining movements instead of introducing new and important material are based entirely on the thematic material of the first movement, the most striking treatment of which is to be found in the weird scherzo-like second movement marked *Assez vif—Tres rythme*. The pungent quality of the harmonic scheme and the freedom and vitality of the rhythms are most attractive and compelling. A straightforward reading rather lacking in subtlety is given by the Virtuoso String Quartet (H.M.V. C2268-71). On side eight the Nocturne from Borodine's Second Quartet is recorded. It is interesting to note that this warmly expressive and lyrical movement in particular and the work in general made a deep impression on both Ravel and Debussy in their younger days when they came into contact with Russian National music.

One of the foremost of the Russian Nationalist circle was Mussorgsky, whose orchestral tone poem, *Night on a Bare Mountain*, vividly describes a witches' revel on a lonely mountain range which comes to an end with the approach of dawn heralded in by the tolling of a nearby church bell. The London Symphony Orchestra gives a strong and robust performance under Albert Coates (H.M.V. D2010).

CORRESPONDENCE

HENRY KINGSLEY.

SIR,—In a *Saturday Review* sent me by my sister, in England, I found a long article entitled "A Neglected Novelist" on Henry Kingsley, by S. M. Ellis.

As a matter of fact—it was my father, the late T. A. Browne, better known as "Rolf Boldrewood"—who first induced Henry Kingsley to write, though he never talked about it. Justin McCarthy tells the story in his "Reminiscences." I found it among my father's papers after his demise.

"One evening, Henry Kingsley, and another 'sundowner'—turned up at Squattlesea Mere, his station, near Port Fairy. The overseer gave them rations, and took them to the Men's Hut, where they both spent the night.

Next morning, Henry Kingsley came over to the house and told Mr. Browne that "He was Charles Kingsley's brother." Rolf Boldrewood, who was a tremendous admirer of the author of "Westward Ho," etc., immediately welcomed him most warmly, and invited him to remain as long as he liked, as his guest.

One evening, while they were smoking on the verandah, his host said to him, "Kingsley, why don't you leave this roving life? Settle down, and write a book, like your brother Charles!"

Apparently, his guest took this salutary advice seriously to heart, strange as it may seem. Soon after, Rolf Boldrewood introduced him to Mr. Mitchell, who then owned Langi-Willi station. Being another admirer of his celebrated brother, the aforesaid squatter immediately invited Henry Kingsley to "pay him a long visit, and write the book there, if he felt inclined."

Kingsley immediately accepted the invitation, and remained at the station, for nearly a year, taking copious notes, and working steadily at the framework of his great book, "Geoffrey Hamlyn," which he subsequently finished, and returning to England, had it published there. About this time, Rolf Boldrewood, after several strenuous years on his station—went home to his native land on an extended holiday.

Soon after he arrived, "Geoffrey Hamlyn" came out. He immediately bought a copy, and was delighted with its success.

An old friend of the family, with whom my father stayed, while hunting in Ireland, told me that "Your Father used to carry 'Geoffrey Hamlyn' about with him, and read out passages to his friends." I really believe that he was as delighted at its success, as if he had written it himself. He did not know then what a name he, too, was to make for himself later on, in the producing of his great novel, known as "Robbery Under Arms."

Melbourne, Australia.

ROSE BROWNE.

HAS MODERNISM A FUTURE?

SIR,—In this argument, both protagonists have missed one vital point which the man-in-the-street, conveniently called Jones by Mr. Lunn, is bound to notice. Jones, under the modern conditions of life, has not the time, and probably little inclination, to study deeply the subject of religion, and he is therefore going to conclude that all is not well when so much argument is going on, more especially as this argument concerns fundamentals.

If Jones was invited to invest his money in a business whose directors were split up into antagonistic groups all with different ideas on the policy to be pursued, he would not bother to investigate and try and decide as to which group was right, he would just keep his money out of it altogether. If the firm wanted to attract him it would be of prime importance for them to get together and settle their differences and present a united policy. Is he then going to devote a lot of time to investigating the rival claims of the various groups in the concern in which he is invited to invest his soul?

No. He is going to keep aloof, and that is just what is happening. The Joneses that are giving up going to any particular church are not going to another, but are keeping away from them all.

The first essential, therefore, seems to be to leave Jones out of it altogether for the time being. In all probability Jones is not the best judge to know that he can expect little profit from a religion that is so divided internally. A united policy of some sort therefore is the greatest need, and bearing in the mind the lack of time that Jones will devote to the matter, a direct and simple policy must be decided upon. This should not be so very difficult, for where can one find anything much more direct and simple than the teaching of Christ Himself?

L. DERRICK

THE LEAGUE IN THE DOLDRUMS.

SIR,—Will you permit a reader who, on the whole, believes firmly in the League of Nations to congratulate you nevertheless upon your brief article emphasising the essential distinction between the struggle for justice and the mere avoidance of war? In 1915, I published a small book attempting to indicate a possible *via media* between the naturally militarist, i.e., Bernhardt on the one hand, and, on the other, the Norman Angell who took occasion to flee from British to American nationality during the worst of the fight. The book tried to appeal to history and common-sense; it had its small public at the time; but, in the present natural and often legitimate reaction, it seldom finds a reader. I have spare copies, which I would gladly send gratis to any reader who might think it worth while to send me a postcard during the next fortnight.

St. John's College, Cambridge.

G. G. COULTON

SIR,—In an article entitled as above you suggest—"Let it (The League) make justice rather than peace, its goal, and it will soon receive the support of mankind. . . ." Might I point out that those tainted with pacifism are not seeking peace, strictly speaking, but Disarmament—the cart before the horse. Disarmament will not bring Peace, but Peace will bring about Disarmament if the League will use the weapons of Peace. These are spiritual and moral forces (not ideals of culture which cannot appeal to all nations and human beings alike). The League hitherto has dispensed with these weapons of Peace, hence we have no definite promise of a far reaching stability or a World recognising its powers of self-restoration and International Peace. Peace is not a Disarmament. If the World is seeking to express International Friendship then an International Leader must guide it, an International Force must aid it and an International Charity must break down the barriers which impede it.

M.N.

ATHEISM

SIR,—In reply to the second letter from your correspondent, S. Tetley, as regards theism. Apart from the supernaturalism which religion associates with it, the position taken up seems based on the assumption that it is easy to accept revelation in respect of ideals of thought and conduct such as are enshrined in the poetry of the Hebrew prophets; and to reject it when claimed in connection with standards which do not fit in with our own ideals.

Many of us, however, find it impossible to tread this primrose path to theistic revelation.

Ewell.

MAUD SIMON.

SIR,—In your issue of December 12th the statement is made by Lady Simon that "mysticism is an individual experience . . . it cannot be communicated." The same assertion is repeated by Mr. Tetley in the following week's number.

Permit me to assure your correspondents that the mystical experience can be conveyed to another person as surely as the sun conveys its heat and light to those who stand in the sunshine.

During a lifelong study of mysticism this particular point puzzled me for long owing to the conflicting statements upon it. It was eventually solved for me by coming into contact with practical mystics who had become masters of their subject. Naturally such persons are extremely rare—a mere handful probably—owing to the complete concentration of time and energy demanded. Sitting at their feet as a pupil, I was able to experience this unusual communication of mystical consciousness; they injected their own inward attainment into me, as it were. This happened not once, but several times. The result, I may say, was revolutionary, both upon my attitude towards life as well as my mental theories. But unless one meets a genuine mystic who has made the steepest gradients of his art, it is not possible to obtain this experience from the novices, the fitful students, or the pseudo-mystics who make big claims under the guise of "occultism."

RAPHAEL HURST.

THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS

SIR,—Happiness is an inward and personal condition. Substantially, it is not affected, ideally, it is not affected at all, by circumstances or by environment. It is a state of soul. It is fostered and maintained consciously and by definite effort; it requires no exterior stimulus, but it does require constant watchfulness to keep fresh. It is the fruit of creative impulse, of love, of religion and of duty well done.

Pleasure is fleeting and ephemeral. It requires continuous outside stimulation, e.g., food, drink, cinemas, little bits of gossip. Its devotees are recognisable by their cheerfulness and superficial outlook: by their careless attitude towards life. It is the weed of shallowness; it grows in discontent and busy-ness.

"Happiness," as Mr. Paul Valéry writes, "certainly requires imagination." Pleasure-seekers are dull people mostly.

Royal Academy of Music

H. V. JERVIS-READ

THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITAL

SIR,—The "Collapse of Capital" as explained by Vernon Somerville does not adequately deal with the causes of the present crisis, since in his Anglo-American illustrations there is no actual loss of capital, but only a loss to the British investor, with a corresponding gain to the South American.

Capital does indeed seem incapable of fulfilling its traditional functions, and this for two reasons—viz., (a) the needs of production have been subordinated to international finance; and (b) because of the crushing burden of taxation which renders sterile the productivity of investment. How can these evils be removed?

To ensure that the resources of a country are developed to the best possible advantage it is essential that credit be available on reasonably easy terms. The function of the Banks is to meet this requirement. At the present time, however, credit can be obtained only where "solid" securities are available as collateral for this service. The good faith and future prosperity of our producers apparently count as nothing.

The aim of industry and agriculture is to deliver to the people the maximum of goods and services which natural resources and co-operation make possible. That is the economic objective of industry. Without taking control, it is essential that Parliament devise means to compel the Banks to subserve the needs of the home production.

A. BLACKBURN

NEW NOVELS By H. C. HARWOOD

Magnolia Street. By Louis Golding. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

Aissa Saved. By Joyce Cary. Benn. 7s. 6d.

The Brothers. By L.A.G. Strong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

By 1910 the Jews of Dommington had only advanced to the south side of Magnolia Street. The north side was still firmly held by the gentiles. The thirty feet between were a salt estranging sea. The Derrickses, I regret to say, were occasionally misled during the course of a party into going out onto their pavement, the north pavement, and asking in what only can be described as a nasty manner: "Who killed Christ?" The south pavement was less vociferous, but in all probability its quiet antlike business was even more objectionable to the north than any verbal insult would have been. To this mean street of Midland England the war temporarily brought a sense of amity, or perhaps it would be more exact to say of alliance. And later the Rabbi's son, Battling Kid Schulman, became lightweight champion of the world. This endeared him to the north pavement who rejoiced that an Englishman should have defeated the American champion, Young Benny Marcus. All Magnolia Street was proud about that.

It is a pity that the novel, despite the now failing competition of the biography, should remain the most popular and almost the only remunerative form of imaginative fiction, because people like Mr. Golding are thereby determined to write about things that do not interest them. The fun, if fun there be, of creating a crystal sphere in which for a while to be both God and king, does not appeal to Mr. Golding. His eight novels contain much beauty, sweetness and strength, but they are not entities. A tale too slickly told, too easily invented, is now linked with powerful sympathy, now helped on its way by a smartness almost cynically unconcealed. "Magnolia Street" is better than anything given us before by Mr. Golding. It is rich in curious detail, lively with the adventures of that incurable romanticist, Eric Winberg, and sombrely permanent with the old men praying in the synagogue.

But it is not integral. Though it may seem a small matter, here is one to which I must refer if the nature of Mr. Golding's failure is to be understood. You all know such stupid "clichés" as "I pinched myself to make sure I was awake," "I kicked myself for being such a fool." Mr. Golding's characters are not content with saying and thinking such things, but do them, with of course an entire loss of humanity. Of Rose Berman, an important character, because her love for a gentile is the chief relation between north and south Mr. Golding has with obvious reluctance made his heroine. She is not even content with kicking and pinching herself. "Her eyes darkened. She clenched her fists." "The skunks," she muttered. One expects to find this followed by the announcement, "The next instalment of our powerful new serial, "Only a Mill Girl," will exclusively appear in next week's issue together with a free paper pattern; for details see page 17, and a free coupon." And why does Mr. Golding write like this? Obviously because he is a more sensitive artist that he is a skilled-craftsman. He never liked Rose. Her self-sacrifice was a fake. Her self-abandonment was a fake. The "childish sweetness" lingering on her lips is equally incredible for a sweet shop assistant does not forget to wipe her mouth after eating jam. She is all fake; and he writes fake English when he refers to her, instinctively, excusably, damagingly.

Away from Rose Berman, from Dick Cooper and David Emmanuel, too, Mr. Golding's treatment of

character is masterly. It is not merely that he is able to make his slumdweller at once farcical and tragical. That would be comparatively simple. Rather it is that they are made normal, their way of life the norm, as Dickens who knew something about sums, from his personal experience, was not able to do. Mr. Golding does not invite us to see how people live in Magnolia Street. He invites us to see how people, and this street in this suburb of Doomington is characteristic of industrial civilisation. Eccentricity comes in with prosperity. Hardships are pitiable, nay barely noticeable; the gloom, the squalor, the insecurity so impressive to an inexperienced district visitor do not strike the reader at all. Here is just the workaday world, softened for the south pavement by an intense family life, for the north by the private bar of "The Lamb and Lion." It is fitting that beside it the splendours of great mansions in New York or country houses in England to which a considerable proportion of the Jews seem to escape have an air of absurdity, of something that like the duck-billed platypus convinces us of its existence but not of any reason for it. The Battling Kid may be Magnolia Street born. But somehow his victory is one of those things they put in the papers, while the fortunes of Doomington City and Doomington United are as close to life as trams, burial clubs and the wash of pleasurably exciting scandal that flows from Aubrey Street corner to Blenheim Road.

Perhaps it is foolish to be disappointed that Mr. Golding's invention remains inferior to his sympathies. Who could tell when Magnolia Street began, or prophesy how it will end? Who, confronted by the racial collision of Jew and Gentile, has much more profound to say than that they ought to get on better together, both being human, and both being human obviously will not? The artifice may be trying. At the thought of it my fists darken and my eyes clench. (Oh! that Rose Berman!) But how much one has learnt of one street, two people and half a world.

"Aissa Saved" is a remarkably good story of Nigeria, and of the workings of the native mind when brought in contact with the secular benevolence of the English magistrate and the religious enthusiasm of the English missionaries. Authenticity is stamped all over it. Every casual reader of African exploration and colonisation knows this is how savages do behave. Mr. Cary makes it very plain why, and it seems a useful hint that what the savage finds most trying in European mentality is its dullness. In his eyes the European is a most crashing bore. Death and torture are described with an indifference suitable to the environment of which they are a natural feature, and neither pity nor repugnance disturbs the aloof justice of Mr. Cary's treatment. Almost too dry his style may be, that only an occasional irony relieves. If anyone were to recommend to me a novel in which the majority of the characters have names like Makunde and Makoto and the heroine is eaten alive by ants I should with a polite smile try to change the subject. I know therefore exactly what you are prepared to feel about "Aissa Saved." But do please make a manly effort to throw off these prejudices. This really is not a book to be missed.

"The Brothers" belongs to the more sombre wing of the primitive peasant school. It is beautifully written; in other words, written by Mr. L. A. G. Strong. The incidental descriptions of the restless waters in the Western Highlands are simply admirable. But the bold peasantry, their country's pride—I suppose that illicit distilling is not quite a peasant craft but let that pass—the peasantry do not move me. The Makundes and Makotes I could get on with at once. Mr. Strong's McFarishes and Macraes seem purely literary figures. They rape, murder and suffer death by violence because these are part of their tradition. It is their way of expressing their passionate primitiveness. But—but how distant and stilled it all seems, how tiresome the elderly artifices.

REVIEWS

PLATO IN MINIATURE

Plato and his Dialogues. By G. Lowes Dickinson. Allen & Unwin. 6s.

WHEN a writer with the persuasive consideration of Mr. Lowes Dickinson devotes a short book to the introduction of his own favourite author, we receive two things. The first is an invitation to Plato as beguiling as possible by one with the knowledge and with the sympathy to convince. The second is an opportunity to examine the value of a short-cut, for the book, originally broadcasted, is expressly intended for those who are not scholars. This second matter is important, for it tests several current beliefs: the belief that learning can be shared; that short-cuts to learning are of value; that people who will not be at pains to read a great writer in translation will read a brief exposition of him to their advantage: this last, further, implying that they will proceed from the introduction to the translated text and thereby gain for themselves the better part, though not the whole, of the fruit of serious study. If these assumptions be correct, then we should expect the influence of such writers as Plato to be greater since translations and introductions became more common than they were, say, eighty years ago before such series as the original Bohn had been multiplied. Is this increased influence the fact? If it is not the fact, is there much foundation for the belief that introductions and brief expositions can supply the place of personally laborious study? A further negative would imply that there is no substitute for pains.

It is not easy to decide because, in these matters, quantitative arguments tell us nothing. If it became fashionable to give a set of Jowett's translations of the Dialogues for a wedding-present, we could not be sure that they would be read, nor does the numerically large annual sale of the Authorised Version in England indicate any wide familiarity with the Bible at the present time. All we can say is that anyone, odd enough to take any interest in the Bible, is able to gratify his quaint curiosity without difficulty. One seems to notice, also, that those who are really interested in the Bible take extra trouble gratuitously: for example, follow the lessons in church by a version in some other tongue, or are not content with the English text but insist on reading it in a "parallel" edition. Unless, in sum, people are ready to take unnecessary trouble they will not take any trouble at all, and to remove all difficulties is to remove, in fact, incentive.

Mr. Dickinson's book is distinguished from many by the amount of translation that it contains. The reader is very generously treated, can in fact decide, from a personal taste of Plato, whether he wishes to taste more. I have read it with interest, with enjoyment, with anxiety, because a vivid memory of Jowett, of Shelley, and of Davis-and-Vaughan invited a comparison with this much easier approach. The upshot is a reluctant feeling that, because the labour of the reader is so much less, the gift won (not bestowed upon) the reader is much smaller; that that which we carry away from a great writer is strictly in proportion to our own trouble. Mr. Dickinson has gained much more from Plato than we gain from himself, not because as expositor he is lacking in anything, but because our impression here is derived from a fleeting glance, whereas his is the fruit of prolonged study. If this were not universally true, we could all learn wisdom from platitudes and proverbs. As it is, a proverb will remain useless to us until we shall have ourselves undergone in our own persons the experience of which it is the epitome. The process by which a proverb is arrived at is the valuable thing. The proverb itself

reveals nothing to those without the experience enshrined in it.

From this book, I think, Plato necessarily emerges as an intellectual rather than an artist. The Socratic dialogue, as one of his own passages admits, was full of unreal dilemmas; and his calm abolition of the home, of private property, his banishment of poetry, do seem now to have been excogitated by an intellect which, for all its great qualities, was often working with cerebral, that is with unreal, assumptions. It is for his backgrounds, so lovely, so various, so similar, so humane, for his myths, for his imaginative ladder of a philosophy of love, that he is precious; but, if an ignoramus may say so in all humility, the nearer he comes to the ground the more unreal he is. In other words, his value seems almost lost in translation; and to feel his backgrounds even, some familiarity with Greek sculpture and with Greek vases, with the palpable arts, is more important than the reading of any books beyond his own. I even demur a little to Mr. Dickinson's emphasis upon his likeness to ourselves, and would plead that it is, on the contrary, his degree of unlikeness that is the more compelling influence on us. Without some opposition or strangeness the imagination does not stir from its sleep, and, though the human problems of the State, of home, of property, of war, are eternal and therefore vivid in him, yet the difference in his treatment, in his age, in all that he, being Greek, possessed unconsciously is richer for us than his parallels. The book within its set limits is a fine cameo, but Plato, I believe, must be presented life-size. Should we not also be reminded that Plato was untypically Greek, the destined bridge between Athens and Jerusalem?

OSBERT BURDETT.

BACKWATER

The Long Christmas Dinner. By Thornton Wilder. Longmans. 6s.

IN "The Angel that Troubled the Waters," Mr. Wilder presented some three-minute plays for the study which were notable for their sensitiveness and beauty. This new volume contains six one-act plays of normal length which are intended for the stage. But now the waters are no longer troubled; only their surface is ruffled by an ineffective breeze. Technical devices, such as the simplification of settings and the introduction of a Pooh Bah (known as The Stage Manager) who recites the lines of the minor characters, lend the plays a mild interest; but they do not conceal the poverty of their material or the absence of any particular graces of style.

The discrepancy between apparatus and achievement is most marked in "Pullman Car Hiawatha" and in "The Long Christmas Dinner." Both these plays represent a section of life, the former the microcosm in a Pullman, the latter a kaleidoscopic series of Christmas dinners in a period of ninety years. In each case the commentary on life is neither profound nor enlightening, but merely superficial and commonplace. In "Pullman Car Hiawatha" appear such promising characters as an insane woman, a dead woman's spirit, a township, a field, the Hours, the Planets and the archangels Gabriel and Michael; but they all have singularly little to contribute. "The Long Christmas Dinner" shows the transiency of human existence, a theme potential enough to enthrall and to move; but whether it is that Mr. Wilder's formula sets a problem which it is impossible to solve, or not, the fact remains that it is difficult to summon up any great concern in characters who are scarcely introduced before they are hurried off the stage. The artifice of donning a shawl or a white wig to denote the onset of old age is ingenious, but in practice is likely to provoke unintended amusement. Indeed, played frankly as a comedy, "The Long Christmas Dinner" will be found to possess considerable virtue.

The remaining plays aim less high and therefore fall less short. "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden," while it is in progress, suggests that the journey's end justifies the means; but its conclusion invites agreement with R.L.S. that it is better to travel than to arrive. "Such Things Only Happen in Books" has an excellent idea, as the title implies, but the expectation of drama is not fulfilled. "Queens of France" and "Love and How to Cure It," alone have ideas which are made dramatically significant. Both plays have humour and feeling, and both would hold an audience. The Queens of France are creoles who are persuaded by a crafty lawyer that they are the heirs to the French throne. "Love and How to Cure It," relates to an undergraduate who vainly loves a young dancer. The action takes place at a London music-hall, and the cockney dialogue is a trifle angular; but the play has atmosphere and, what is unique in this volume, an ending which is unexpected and effective.

MARK SEGAL.

ANIMALS AND FISHES

Animal Ways. By E. G. Boulenger. Ward Lock. 7s. 6d.

Fishes. By E. G. Boulenger. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

MR. BOULENGER has produced two books on natural history subjects which can be read with profit and entertainment by the ordinary reader as well as the inveterate lover of works of this kind. For the author possesses both a charming style and an original manner of expressing himself, and, whether he is describing the habits of the mosquito or the recreation of the elephant, his books always make lively and excellent reading.

"Animal Ways" is crammed full of interesting facts and amusing anecdotes. Thus, we are told that "The sun-fish lays 300,000,000 eggs, and it is questionable whether more than a dozen fish hatch out and survive to attain the parental weight of ten stone or more"; "that the baby Elephant Seal is the most expensive Zoo diner, demanding 60 lb. of fish a day, and when fully grown his food will cost the Zoological Society over £2,000 a year"; that "An opossum shamming death will not only allow itself to be handled, but may even be thrown to the ground without betraying the slightest hint of vitality." And there are dozens and dozens more instances given similar to these.

One of the most interesting chapters is that devoted to the velocities at which birds travel. It is not commonly known that lammergeiers are capable of a speed of 110 miles per hour, swallows 106 m.p.h., and lapwings 80 m.p.h. Nor is it common knowledge that a bird travelling at a height of 3,000 feet can probably see the land fully twenty miles distant.

Of the mentality of animals, we learn that the elephant's brain weighs two and a half times as much as a human brain—an interesting problem for the psychologist, and that the beaver is the most efficient of animal architects; while the world's record of sleep is held by a desert snail, which suddenly woke up after a repose lasting over two and a half years.

In "Fishes," Mr. Boulenger describes in a similar manner some of the more interesting specimens of the 20,000 odd species of fish which are known to exist. An extraordinary capacity displayed by many fish is their remarkable ability for changing colour. Thus, we learn that "a Plaice suddenly driven from a light sandy floor to one of dark slate at once begins to take on the exact hue. It will even accommodate itself to the black and white arrangements of a draught board or other geometrical design".

Another exceedingly fascinating chapter in the natural history of fishes is that which deals with their

migrations. The most striking example of this propensity is provided by the Common Eel. The Eel, it is now known, is hatched out in the depths of the ocean, off the Bahamas. Thence, it travels for several years eastwards till its hosts invade the waters of Europe, from rivers and village ponds to the highest mountain lakes. Having arrived at maturity, the Eels then hark back to their birthplace, so to spawn and die.

Both volumes are well produced, containing some excellent illustrations, though a subsequent edition of "Animal Ways" should include an index. The book is well worthy of one.

ARMS AND THE MAN

Following the Drum. By Sir John Fortescue. Blackwood. 8s. 6d.

THIS delightful volume of essays will appeal to the general reader as well as to the student of military history. It covers the last two centuries in point of time, and deals with subjects so various as life at St. Helena in the days of John Company, and the capacity for leadership of Lord French and Lord Kitchener. Of the purely historical papers perhaps the most interesting is the description of the second siege of Gibraltar in 1727, for it throws a strong light upon the terrible conditions in which the British soldier fought at that time, as well as upon the disaffection to the House of Hanover which existed among officers and men.

The author is severely critical of the generalship of Lord French, and he does not hesitate to say that it was no thanks to its commander that the Expeditionary Force escaped disaster in the early days of the war: Sir John discusses at some length the treatment of Smith-Dorrien by Lord French, and he denounces it in strong, but by no means exaggerated, language. Lord Kitchener also comes in for a good deal of adverse criticism, both for his behaviour in South Africa and at the War Office, but Sir John Fortescue is of the opinion that had he lived he would, like Wellington after Waterloo, have provided that moderating influence at the Peace Conference which was so much needed. It is a curious hypothesis, but the author makes his point.

It is, however, Wolseley that Sir John Fortescue considers to have been the greatest British general since Wellington. In his opinion Wolseley should have been sent to South Africa instead of Roberts, and he claims for the former the credit for the high state of efficiency in which the British Army was found at the outbreak of the late war. This is not, perhaps, a view that will meet with general acceptance, particularly when Wolseley's failure to save Gordon is taken into consideration, but it must go a long way towards modifying existing judgments upon the relative status of recent British commanders. It is also interesting to note that Sir John Fortescue places Cromwell on an equality with Marlborough and Wellington.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Our Fathers. By Allan Bott. Heinemann. 2s.

AMONG the Stracheys, Sitwells and other literary artists who searched the Victorian age for gleanings in irony, not one has been able to keep regard out of his selection. Mr. Bott here puts his wise finger on the reason why this pictorial record of our fathers and their doings cannot fail to become the ideal present.

It has been the fashion to deride the Victorians for the unintentional humour of their virtues. Young satirists try out their wit at the expense of Balmoral and the Prince Consort, forgetting how dangerous it

is to throw æsthetic stones in a chromium-plated vitaglasshouse. Yet from the most bitter jibes, comes this feeling of the regard for the bustle and the Dundreary. I am not so sure, either, about the unintentional humour of many of the contemporary woodcuts here illustrated. Artists—particularly war artists have a trick of satisfying editors and officials without sacrificing their rebel independence, as the Editor of the *Graphic* must know well. I should dearly like to know whether the author of "Brave Allies: Cruel Rebels" had his tongue in his commissioned cheek.

It is a rash presumption to laugh even where we are assured that our fathers kept the straightest faces. The camera, less kindly than the woodcut artist, plays the cruellest tricks with our own admittedly more cynical generation. Gladstone felling timber compares nobly with Mr. Winston Churchill with his trowel and bricks. The first lady hockey players, "trailing clouds of glory" as they ran must surrender the cake of ridicule to our daily press snaps of parades of scraggy amazons in shorts, skirts or trousers—"the lady squash racket players of 1931."

There is only one omission I regret among the Victorian inventions—Volk's original Brighton electric railway and the Daddy Long Legs which bore the enraptured Prince Edward through the emerald waters. And only one document which might be omitted from future editions—General Colley's letter to his wife found in his pockets after Majuba. All else is humour and wide enough to suit every taste. The men of Balliol roadmaking in white flannels according to written instructions from Ruskin! "A mixed life class, with male model, in the Slade School of Art!" I recommend "Our Fathers" as a light to lighten every doctor's and dentist's waiting room, and I am grateful to Mr. Bott for adorning at this late hour my perspective of British history.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

Diary of a Scotch Gardener. By Thomas Blaikie. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

THIS book gives us a very interesting account of the French Court at the end of the eighteenth century. Its author first went to the Continent in 1775, when he was sent on an expedition to Switzerland to collect some Alpine plants, and he has a very charming description of peasant life in the Alps, for he seems to have slipped easily into the manners of the Continent. His adventures there were chiefly in connection with his search for plants, during the course of which he performed some remarkable feats of mountaineering, but on one occasion he had a narrow escape from death when the inhabitants of a remote village mistook him for a dangerous German refugee.

The next year he went to France in the service of the Comte de Lauraguais, and from that time until he retired he continued to make English gardens for various members of the French aristocracy. His most notable achievements were the Parc Monceau, which he laid out for Philippe Egalite, and the gardens at Bagatelle, which still exist in the twentieth century. An interesting light is thrown on the affairs of France at this most disturbed period of her existence in the description which Blaikie gives of the life at Court before and during the Revolution. It is impossible to read what he has to say about the Royal Family without a feeling of sympathy for these unfortunate people, who were so well-intentioned, but so totally unable to deal with the problems that confronted them. The book finishes with a most dramatic account of the attack on the Tuileries, and the massacre of the Swiss Guard.

This work will be of as much interest to the general reader for its human and historical interest, as to the keen gardener for its list of plants which Blaikie found in Switzerland.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Intriguing Duchess. By Dorothy de Brissac Campbell. John Hamilton. 15s.

THIS biography of Marie de Roban, Duchesse de Chevreuse, can be thoroughly recommended to all lovers of Scandal, and so should be assured of a wide public. It is just the book to give a maiden aunt or a bachelor uncle for Christmas, and even some of the "bright young things" will find passages spicy enough for their jaded palates. There is hardly a character in these pages upon whose paternity some doubt is not cast, and if contemporary gossip is to be believed more than one royal and aristocratic family was continued by the adoption, by the lady in question, of the principles of co-operation on the widest scale in the matter of the procreation of children.

A History of Spanish Literature. By E. D. Laborde. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THIS is an excellent book in every way, and it makes its appearance at a singularly opportune moment. Dr. Laborde has supplied a long felt want for a work that shall at once be available for easy reference and a companion to the student of Spanish. He never obtrudes his own views where any particular author is concerned, and he quotes chapter and verse for every statement he makes. That section of the book which is devoted to the literature of Spanish America is especially valuable, and much that the author has to say on this point will be new to the English reader. This volume will not, of course, supersede the longer standard works, but it should appeal strongly to those who have not the time to consult them.

Stand and Deliver. By E. H. Lavine. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

IN this book, Mr. Lavine tells of the astounding administration—or rather, maladministration—of the municipality of New York. He describes the records and conduct of the judges, who, appointed for political reasons, wink at, if they do not actively encourage, corruption in the police force; he describes the politicians themselves; and the result is an almost incredible state of affairs. Of course, the writer has much to say about bootlegging, pointing out that "Prohibition and the enactment of the Baumes Law are the outstanding reasons for the increase in gang murders and murders resulting from hold-ups." There follows the "inside story" of the "Legs" Diamond shooting episode. No one can doubt, after reading this chapter, that Diamond must have found crime on the grand scale a highly profitable career. As literature, the book is negligible. It is badly written and disjointed.

The Elian Miscellany. Edited by S. M. Rose. Herbert Joseph. 12s. 6d.

THIS book is a collection of writings in prose and verse about Charles Lamb and his work by those who knew him personally and also by many admirers of later years. There is an admirable catholicity shown in the authors represented; they range from Swinburne to C. E. Montague, from Walter Pater to Arnold Bennett. Thus Barry Cornwall describes how frequenters of Covent Garden would note "a small spare man . . . somewhat stiff in his manner, and almost clerical in dress," who went out every morning and returned every afternoon "as regularly as the hands of the clock moved towards certain hours"; Algernon Black speaks of him as an excellent business man and "one of the most punctual of men," although he never carried a watch; while J. B. Priestley, in a critical notice, writes of Lamb's prose as a "style that has a wonderful gift

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of phrase-making, and yet is as personal as a voice." This volume will be a source of delight to the essayist's numerous lovers; it is the kind of book which, to be enjoyed to the full, should be dipped into again and again rather than read from cover to cover at a sitting.

Great Stories of Sport. Edited by Thomas Moulton. Leonard Stein. 5s.

HERE is a collection of sporting episodes which has gone wrong. Mr. Moulton has made the mistake of selecting his tales, with one or two exceptions, from the classics, and the result is what one might expect. Hazlitt, Borrow, Trollope, Dickens, Scott and Meredith were not great sportsmen and they were generally on thin ice when their characters were at play. Mr. Moulton should have wandered more among Conan Doyle and Ian Hay for the really "Great Stories of Sport."

Another Part of the Platform. By Bertram R. Carter. Houghton Publishing Co. 8s.

MR. BERTRAM CARTER here publishes a series of letters written by himself to his friends during the war years in Ireland, whither he had fled to avoid conscription. The letters are interesting in their way, as they deal, albeit superficially, with conditions in Dublin as the war progressed. But there is nothing so interesting there as the apology with which Mr. Carter opens. Here is the creed of a pacifist, a quietist, opposed frankly to that of the bellicose majority. Mr. Carter writes much to a pacifist friend who stayed behind and faces the music—which included imprisonment, and he certainly makes a good case for his own method of dodging national responsibility. It is interesting to note that Mr. Carter had a profound disbelief in the majority of Conscientious Objectors, many of whom he suggests had only a year or so earlier been demanding eight and refusing to wait. With regard to his own case he is almost disconcertingly absolute. "Quite flatly and frankly," he writes, "I objected to being killed myself—for any cause, country or religion whatever—and I was in full agreement with Mr. Bodkin that if everybody had taken that point of view the war would have been impossible."

Please Take Me Next Time. Percy Colson. Nash & Grayson. 12s. 6d.

"TAKE me with you when you go the airy journeys of your mind," is the quotation which opens Mr. Colson's book, and that, applied to travel, sums the whole matter up. Mr. Colson is delightfully airy as he conducts us through France and Italy. He describes only those sights and things which interest him, and loves to wander from the way when an ordinary traveller would be pushing forward. Mr. Colson is not exactly a good guide, but then, he does not set out to be one: much rather would he amuse you with his fancies and introduce you to all and sundry as they pass.

Gallery Unreserved. By A Galleryite. Heritage 10s. 6d.

APART from the several contributions in this book by famous men and women (included among them are Gerald Du Maurier, Carl Brisson, John Van Druten, Gracie Fields, etc.), there is a chapter by the author-compiler which is really interesting above all the others. He heads it "Gallery Plebiscites," and in it gives information that theatre folk and playgoers alike will read with curiosity. The book on the whole makes good reading; the two main points which emerge are that Galleryites want better seats and that the artistes who amuse them want them to have their wishes fulfilled. Apparently both Stage and Gallery realise that neither can get on without the other—and this conclusion has been happily embroidered and enlarged for the reader's amusement from the "Galleryite's" point of view.

FOR "SATURDAY" WOMEN

WHO WANTS A ROBOT HOME?

By MARY SEATON.

A CERTAIN professor, trying to peer into the future, recently gave us a description of domestic life in 1950. It was a prophecy about the development of wireless. Everything, apparently, was to be run by radio. We would tune in for our bath, our breakfast would materialise and the washing up would be done by wireless. Another button, deftly touched, would release the news of the world. Should we be in the mood for pictures of topical events, a lever, lightly switched, would throw on to a screen what was happening at that precise moment in any city.

But the professor had his doubts, and there are not a few housewives who, I feel sure, have their doubts too.

"Would you go to business in a suit of armour?" asked a writer in a newspaper the other day, deploring the fact that some people have what could be called the anti-progress complex. Nevertheless, progress is not always necessarily good. It is a bad thing to find ourselves relying more and more upon machinery for our wants instead of upon ourselves. If we cease to express ourselves we begin to lose our individuality. The housewife has a right to consider how far she will allow progress to enter her home. Will a house that might possibly look like the interior of a telephone exchange be pleasant to live in?

We have heard a great deal about labour-saving devices, as if the whole purpose of existence were to sit in a chair and allow machinery to do our work for us. We are, in fact, in danger of becoming so indolent that we may soon find it a task even to take up a small piece of china for dusting. The dusting of rooms and furniture can already be done for us by machinery. Will progress carry this idea to extremes, and will delicate ornaments and vases never be lifted from table or mantelshelf from year's end to year's end?

We have asked Robot into our homes as a servant. If the professor's dream comes true, Robot will be our master. And that is the crux of the whole problem. What is a home?

But devotion to a home will not be easy if the housewife takes Robot too closely into her confidence. "Would you go to business in a suit of armour?" says the voice of progress. Soon it will be—"Would you sit on a sofa made by Chippendale and look at a miniature of your great great grandmother painted by Cosway, when you can have a steel seat, not unlike a dentist's chair shorn of its ornament, and register in an empty frame the latest political tendencies in Soviet Russia?"

What is a home? I know of two aspects of domestic expression.

A young and modern friend of mine who married a little while ago prides herself on her mechanical house. It has five rooms. I had the impression that they were empty. There were, however, a glass dining table, and a set of the aforementioned steel chairs. I looked for wardrobes. They had been let into the walls and were flush with the surface, rather like a safe that fears the predatory hand. The curtains were of washable rubber, the floor covering was designed geometrically, like a problem in Euclid that could never be solved. There was a telephone in every room, and other hard and shiny apparatus for making noises or giving forth lights. I nearly forgot. There was not a picture of any kind. As for books, they contrived to hide themselves away as if ashamed.

There were flowers. But they were enormous blooms of bright, twisted metal, and were no doubt cleaned, as everything else was, by the ubiquitous Robot whose presence had the same effect upon me as an efficient bailiff. Robot had come to stay; and, in my opinion, was not attractive.

I have another friend who is not the slave of progress. She does not necessarily go into her kitchen in a farthingale, but she believes, for instance, that a home is better for some visible furniture in wood, preferably something made by a master cabinet maker. Consequently, one discovers in her rooms an armoire or two, and a Queen Anne table, some elegant details to match—sought with taste and acquired by the sacrifice of cocktails, a few real flowers every day, a pretty chimney corner and a kettle not electrically driven, covers and curtains of pretty cretonne and one or two excellent small pictures to remind one of summer on the dreariest winter day.

The machines in this home are reduced to a minimum, yet I have never noticed any dirt, disorder or discomfort. The truth is that this second friend has not fallen a victim to the fever of labour-saving. It is not unusual to find her polishing her furniture with her own hands, or bringing a new lustre to some ornament which she has perhaps purchased at a bargain price in a little country shop.

"But surely," says the lady of Robot House, "your other friend is the slave of domesticity, and not I?" "On the contrary," I reply, "she is not a slave, because her time is precious and pleasant, and although she has made the home interest paramount, she still reads what is worth reading and sees what is worth seeing out of doors. Nor is she too busy to give discreet little parties to those friends who are not bored with real flowers."

Actually, it is the lady of Robot House who is the slave, for she has allowed fashion and the machine completely to master her. She is the minion of her gadgets, and having nothing to do indoors, hardly anywhere to sit, and nothing to look at, she is driven forth to find some way of making time fly. She has, of course, her interests, but I fancy they are nothing to do with domestic life, although she will show you her home with the same sort of pride as a progressive surgeon might show you his operating room, and then lest you should be speechless, she will turn on some sort of noise, a gramophone or wireless. There is one thing that the lady of Robot House cannot abide, and that is silence.

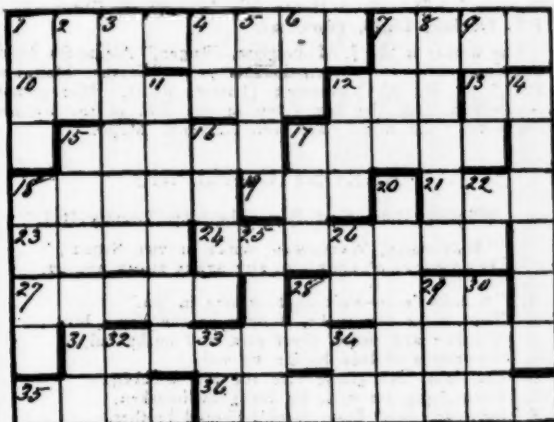
If the professor is right, 1952 is going to be some year. But perhaps before then, a benevolent tyrant will have put all the scientists and inventors in chains.

SATURDAY COMPETITIONS

CROSS WORD PUZZLE—No. XLIV

SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS 'DE-METERED'

By MORO



CLUES

- Key. A "meter" you will have to bring
 35. To help you *Measure-everything*,
 7a, 14d. From *Length-of-sound*, and *Laughter too*,
 15a, 17a, 18d. To *Hearing Footsteps in the Dew*;
 8, 18a, 20. The *Solid-gravity*, and *Liquid, Dip*
 10, 28a. Some *Depth by Heeling-of-the-ship*,
 1a, 15d. While *Strength-of-spirits fills with Power*
 31. *Minute-divisions-of-the-hour*.
- Across
 12. Nothing could make me fit to preserve the fodder of my age.
 13. Ferro-bedded royalty of early times.
 19 rev. Another ess would have made confusion of me.
 21. R.C. mass after 22.
 23 rev. One of the hills from among which Franklin came upon Rosanna.
 24. Sort of cousin to Ragged Robin.
 27. I roam the north-east coast of Africa with 32.
 36. The constable asked if the whole dissembly was this.

Down

1. I am translated grace. 2. See 29.
 3. Fruit-weevil with 32 rev. and 18d's tail.
 4 and 6. 36. 5 and 12d. Deceptive phalanger.
 9 and 7d rev. Burns cheep'd like a chicken scar'd by this crow.
 11. Give me 34/for a buckler.
 16. This should be learned if it's Jonson's.
 17. I become a factor in India if I go there with 32.
 22. See 21. 25. A policeman always come out on top.
 26. Turkish coin with 33.
 28. Initials of happy author of *The Joys of the Road*.
 29. Hamlet's witching remark was this and 2 rev.
 30. Gadshill was joined with great thisyers.
 32. See 17 and 27. 33. See 26. 34. See 11.

SOLUTION AND RESULT OF CROSSWORD No. XLIII.

Hidden Carol.

"For ere one half of the night was gone,
 Sudden a star has led us on,
 Raining bliss and benison—
 Bliss to-morrow and morn anon,
 Joy for every morning!"

Kenneth Grahame, "The Wind in the Willows"; Carol of the Field-mice.

Across: Morning, Of, Obs, Urao, Ng, On, Open, Cri, Eson, Ere, To, Eanli, Benison, Db, Iago, Rheum, Il, Nine, And Oj, Night, Was, Adro, Star, Am, Every, Us, Led, The, Nog, Swifts, More, Wa.

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January 13th, WEDNESDAY—SENATOR ENRICO CORRADINI

February 10th, Wednesday—Lord LLOYD OF DOLORES

March 9th, Wednesday—Lt.-Col. JOHN BUCHAN, M.P.

April 13th, Wednesday—SPEAKER WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER

May 11th, Wednesday—ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, Sir ROGER KEYES, Bt.

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Down : Mucedinous, Orra, Bliss, Raining, Tai, Noel, Ai, Half, Insign, Tret, Ng, Oboe, Wads, Gone, Ream, Tm, One, Has, Eh, For, Ie, Nave, Ope, Sudden, Be, Tomorrow, Anon, Joy, Ga.

Across : 1, Ten: "Love and Duty." 17, Mid: N's Dr: IV.1. 20, Erebus. 21, R. & Jul: V.3. 23, Lay of the Last Minstrel, VI.6. 28, Othello, I.1. 34, Genesis, X.11. 37, Great Expectations, Ch.6. 44, Kipling, "La Nuit Blanche." 49, Gondoliers.

Down : 2, Burns, "The Jolly Beggars." 3, cf. Tw: Night, 1.5. 12, Macbeth, 11.3. 21, Gil: & Sul: "Trial by Jury." 25, "Lycidas" 1.74. 27, 3 Henry VI, 1.2. 40, II Chron: IX.6. P.S. Ivanhoe, Ch.13, (Rowena).

The winner is Mr. J. M. Polglase, "Rugen," Alexandra Road, Penzance, who has chosen for his prize "Goethe: Man and Poet," by H. W. Nevinston; (Nisbet, 10/6). Had certain competitors used the key given in the P.S. to the trapped letters the result would have been different! Mopo.

ACROSTIC—No. 510

(Closing Date: First Post, Thursday, January 16.)

"WATCHMAN, WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"
IT'S TWELVE O'CLOCK AND THE STARS SHINE BRIGHT.

1. "A softy 'e is—ain't no backbone in 'im."
2. Thus snake eats snake, if once he can begin him.
3. Wolflike and fierce, short ears, and bushy tail.
4. Two-thirds of lady hidden by veil.
5. Call him "No glory," for the ark is taken.
6. Here Agag perished, by his gods forsaken.
7. Such was poor Esau, Jacob's ill-used brother.
8. Thus baby's teeth are called by his fond mother.
9. Bringer, the poet says, of all good things.
10. By mean men given, but conferred by kings.
11. Behead a bird at home upon the water.
12. Plant plucked by old Polonius his daughter.

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC—No. 508

B um Phin
A r Arat* *Gen.viii.4.18.
Rouge-et-noir
dyN Ast
Death's-hea D
tO p Ic
O bviou S
R ace-cours E
F i Bula
sO Il
W inte R
L andlor D

Acrostic No. 508.—The winner is "Tyro," Lt.-Colonel G. D. Symonds, Ileden House, Kingston, nr. Canterbury, who has chosen as his prize "Joseph Conrad," by R. L. Megroz, published by Faber and Faber, and reviewed in our columns on December 26. Twenty-one other competitors selected this book, twelve named "The Faro Table; or, the Gambling Mothers," ten "Let's See the Highlands," etc.

Also correct:—A. E., E. Barrett, Bimbo, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bobs, Boskerris, Bertram, R. Carter, Gay, Miss E. Hearnden, Iago, Junius, Madge, A. M. W. Maxwell, St. Ives, Term.

One Light wrong:—Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Miss Carter, E. H. Coles, Maud Crowther, Mrs. Curry, Estela, E. J. Fincham, Fossil, F. L. Groves, T. Hartland, Jeff, Lilian, Martha, George W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, N. O. Sellam, Penelope, Rand, Shorwell, Sisypheus, Taddo, Viol, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

Two Lights wrong:—Ali, Buns, Carlton, C. C. J., Lady Mottram, Pork, Stucco, H. M. Vaughan. All others more.

Light 4 baffled 22 solvers; Light 6, 19; Light 12, 6; Lights 9 and 10, 1.

Taddo.—Smoking, Toil, etc., are not discussed by men in every room, but whatever is discussed is a Topic, or "subject of discourse."

Acrostic No. 507.—Correct: A. de V. Blathwayt, Peter, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. One Light wrong: Miss Kelly, A. M. W. Maxwell.

LITERARY—XLII.

TACTFUL LETTER TO A RICH UNCLE.

JUDGE'S REPORT.

The Rich Uncle, alias the Judge, received a large post on Boxing Day, reminding him that he had so far forgotten to send his usual Christmas present to a loving nephew or niece. Some of these letters were tactfully couched, but others very decidedly were not. Bluebird, for instance, began like this: "I hope you've not met with an accident this Christmas, but I've not heard from you. Perhaps your present has got

lost in the post. I am writing to say how blank the other things looked yesterday without yours," and Raymond was a trifle obvious when she reminded her Uncle of "that fortunate day when I met you outside Swan and Edgar's, and I became the possessor of the fur coat for which I had been longing," etc., etc.

Others relied upon finesse. Thus "Judy"; "Thank you many times for the lace evening frock. . . . There was no card in the box, and the label was rather torn, but I was sure it must be from you." John Montgomery and Innisfree adopted similar attempts of what the Judge regards as nothing less than blackmail. First Prize goes to H. Maldwyn Lloyd; while Daniel and Pookman are highly commended.

"Dear Uncle,

I had a lovely Christmas Day more to eat than I could eat and lots to drink. I hope you got the same. I saw the postman with a great sack like Father Christmas. He said there was lots more parcels delayed in the post and if you had sent one to someone that had not got it you had to fill up a form. You had to get the form from the Post Office.

I heard father say that everyone ought to spend all they can afford to help trade this Christmas but when I asked him for a gold watch like yours he got huffy. Hoping you are quite well and with love from your affectionate nephew."

H. Maldwyn Lloyd.

COMPETITION LX.—IDEAL CABINET.

JUDGE'S REPORT.

With very few exceptions competitors appear to have taken it for granted that they were intended to be facetious, and Cabinets with Mr. Bernard Shaw as Prime Minister were by no means infrequent. Bluebird even went so far as to include a foreigner, in the person of Professor Einstein, while M.G. did not hesitate to put Mr. Winston Churchill in the same ministry as Mr. Maxton and Sir Charles Trevelyan. W.G. was certainly original in his suggestion that Mr. Rudyard Kipling should go to the India Office, though it is doubtful if he could work well with the Bishop of Birmingham at the Home Office, the Dean of St. Paul's at the Ministry of Education, and Mr. Lloyd George at the Foreign Office.

The prize goes to Swy, though it is a little difficult to visualize Sir Austen Chamberlain, Lord Beaverbrook, and Viscount Cecil working harmoniously together.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

January

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The March Retreat. By B. H. Liddell Hart.

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CITY

Lombard Street, Wednesday.

AN uneasy feeling of undisclosed new adversities has pervaded the Stock Exchange during the last few days. Some disturbing rumours have centred on the national trade balance. It is suggested that the excess of imports over exports is still so large as to cause the Government serious apprehension and to render some drastic restriction of imports necessary. Wall Street's movements are another source of disturbance, although the British interest in the New York market has now shrunk to a shadow of its former dimensions. Moreover, without any ghoulish intent, many of us on this side of the Atlantic think that the American people need to be convinced by still harder adversity of the effects of Europe's financial crisis upon their own trade before they adopt a less uncompromising attitude towards the debts question. On this side of the Atlantic the Stock Markets have kept steady but a deadening and disquieting pall of dulness overhangs the Stock Exchange.

New Certificates for Old

Most holders of the original series of Savings Certificates, which helped so splendidly to finance the war, will, I think, welcome the offer of Conversion Issue Certificates. Useful as they are to people of small means, Saving Certificates are still more useful to those blessed with larger incomes, because they are entirely free of income tax, to which the man with a very small income would not in any case be liable. These Conversion Certificates, which are not available for new comers but only for those who still hold the first series of certificates issued at 15s. 6d. each, carry no less than £4 3s. 4d. per cent. per annum free of tax for their first year, that is, 8d. on every 16s. It is equivalent to £5 11s. 1d. per cent. per annum less tax at 5s. in the £.

High Interest

This high rate of interest is not maintained over the whole period. Moreover, it is not likely, of course, to apply to any new issue on tap to the public, as it would encourage holders to be continually cashing certificates after a year's currency in order to buy new ones. As a matter of fact, the third series of certificates now on tap yield only £1 11s. 3d. per cent. per annum free of tax for the first year. To return to the conversion issue. This will have a total currency of ten years and can, of course, be cashed at any time. If certificates are retained for the full ten years the accumulated interest will be £4 2s. 9d. per cent. per annum, free of tax, compound interest over the whole period. There are virtues in the alternative offers—National Savings Bonds and 4½ per cent. Conversion Loan—but the Conversion Certificates are such a useful little gilt-edged security, easily cashable at any time, that most holders will, I think, prefer them.

Popular Favourites

The shares of the electric supply companies are deservedly popular with investors who regard the business as a modern necessity and one that is likely to develop considerably when the general trade of the country begins to mend. I referred last week to two companies serving the London area. These companies operate under an Act limiting dividends to a standard rate as from the beginning of the current year. The Act does not, how-

ever, apply to those companies operating outside the London area, although these are established under Parliamentary authority and are thus immune from the competition that is usually encountered by other commercial undertakings. Their position is thus inherently sound and the investor who is content with a moderate return on his capital with the hope of better things to come may with advantage turn his attention to the shares of some of the big electric supply companies operating outside the London area.

One of the Biggest

The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Electric Supply Company is, with its subsidiaries, one of the largest producers—if not the largest—of electrical energy in the United Kingdom. It operates a system throughout an area of 4,150 square miles in extent, embracing practically the whole of the industrial area of the North-East coast. It has made and continues to make satisfactory progress and is proposing to change its name in order to indicate the wider field of operations into which it is entering. For the past four years dividends of 6 per cent. each year have been maintained on a largely increased capital while reserves have been accumulated which now total well over £1,000,000. As the £ shares are obtainable around 23s., a yield of about 5½ per cent. is indicated from existing dividends. The lowest price touched last year was 21s. 7½d. and the highest 25s. 7½d. The stability of the market implies faith in the continued prosperity of the company and the prospect of higher dividends being paid in the course of the next few years.

Tax-Saving by Assurance

When many investors find the selection of long-term investments a more complex task than ever and when income-tax is as high as 5s. in the £, it is specially opportune to consider the tax-saving that can be accomplished by life assurance. An allowance of tax can be obtained in respect of premiums on life policies on one's own or one's wife's life. There are very many schemes—educational policies, deferred pensions and so on—all including a death benefit. These schemes enlarge the scope not only for investment, but also for tax saving, by life assurance. There are, however, two important limits. The allowance will not exceed the tax on a sixth of the total income, nor on 7 per cent. per annum of the sum assured at death, exclusive of bonuses. That is to say, high percentage premiums, such as those on very short-term endowment assurances do not rank for tax allowance above 7 per cent. per annum of the sum assured. With these limits the allowance is at half the standard rate for tax in respect of policies affected since June 22, 1916. Thus a man earning £2,400 who invests £400 in life assurance premiums effects a tax saving in respect of present-day policies of no less than £50. If he has been fortunate enough to have effected the policies on or before June 22, 1916, the saving is as much as £100.

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